Saturday Night

October 31, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The British Labor party, at its recent conference, criticized the United States severely for making a deal with Franco and for not making a deal with Malenkov. Since there is no practical difference between the domestic methods of despots, be they Communist or Fascist, we must assume that the Labor party's dislike of totalitarian governments decreases in direct proportion to their capacity for making trouble.

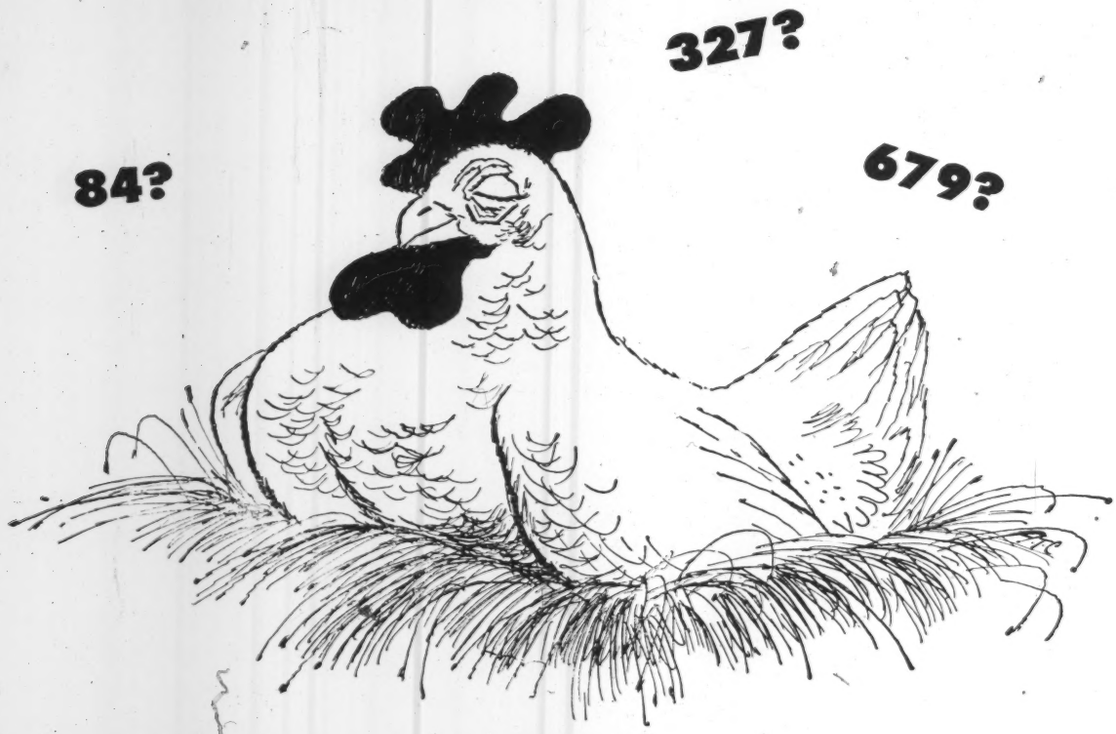
Local Censorship

We were considerably relieved when the Supreme Court of Canada squeezed out a verdict against the Quebec City bylaw which gave the chief of police the power to decide what books, pamphlets and circulars would be distributed in the city's streets. It was a close shave, though, the Justices splitting 5-4 on the question of the bylaw's legality.

The Jehovah's Witnesses, who had been prevented from handing out their pamphlets in Quebec City, attacked the bylaw on the ground that it interfered with religious freedom, and it was this, apparently, that set the Court to pondering. Are such rights as freedom of religion, of speech

Elizabeth Winston

HELEN TRAUBEL: No Blues for the Met. *(Page 3)*



How many products do we get from crude oil?

From eggs, a hen can expect just one product—chicks. But from crude oil, Imperial refines 679 different products, ranging from weed killers to heavy asphalts. And that is not all—crude oil also supplies petroleum gases and other raw materials for plastics and synthetic rubber.

Oil plays a large and growing part in our everyday living. How many of these questions about it can you answer?

Oil supplies are vital to defence. The gasoline required to move one armoured division 100 miles would run your car for

10 years? *95 years?* *350 years?*

➧ ***The average family car could be operated for 350 years on the gasoline needed to move an armoured division 100 miles.***

The average weekly pay cheque of Canadians in 1939 would buy 84 gallons of gasoline. How many gallons will today's cheque buy

79? *135?* *93?*

➧ ***Even though gasoline road taxes are higher in all provinces, today's average pay cheque will buy 135 gallons.***

Scientists believe oil was formed from the remains of tiny sea creatures which lived millions of years ago. Would you say oil is found in

rock? *pools?* *swamps?*

➧ ***Oil is usually found far underground in the tiny pores of rock such as limestone or sandstone. The word petroleum is derived from the Latin "petra" and "oleum"—rock oil.***

How much will the oil industry spend each week this year to find and develop oil fields in western Canada

$2¼ millions? *$6 millions?* *$12 millions?*

➧ ***The industry is expected to spend $300 millions on exploration and development this year—about $6 millions a week.***

It takes many millions of dollars in plant and equipment to provide high-quality oil products when and where you need them. How much does this amount to per Imperial employee

$3,856? *$16,597?* *$30,715?*

➧ ***Imperial's investment in plant and equipment is $30,715 for each of its 13,500 employees, and it is still rising.***

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

oil makes a country strong

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

and of the press subject only to limitation or amendment by the nation's Parliament, or can provincial or municipal authorities interfere with them? The Justices were divided in their opinion. Mr. Justice Estey said that if the men who drafted the British North America Act intended that provinces should have the power to pass laws affecting religion, they would have made their intention clear. But Mr. Justice Cartwright said: "I think it is clear that the provinces, legislating within their allotted sphere, may affect the carrying on of activities connected with the practice of religion."

In this matter, the Justices were trying to interpret the intention as well as the letter of the old, creaking law that divides the responsibilities of federal and provincial governments, and in doing so they demonstrated the growing need for a revision of that law. The Court's indecision showed how uncertain are the guarantees of religious and other freedoms in Canada, when a legal case can be made for even a municipality's right to pass restrictive legislation.

We do not think the last word has been said about the Quebec bylaw, because the Supreme Court's decision does not make the whole regulation invalid. The Chief of Police still has the power to grant or withhold permits for the distribution of tracts and pamphlets, as long as these do not concern religion; the decision means only that the Chief must not interfere with the distribution of religious matter. Four Justices thought the whole bylaw was illegal; four of them decided it was valid; the ninth, Mr. Justice Kerwin, ruled that the bylaw generally was legal but that it could not be applied to religious publications.

There still remains the question of censorship by municipal authorities. When a Chief of Police is given the power to decide what shall or shall not be distributed in the streets, he becomes a censor. It is our opinion that, while Chief Constables have an important place in society, it would be outrageous to give them the power of censorship. In the present circumstances, the way is open for local officials all across the country to clamp a form of censorship on their municipalities. The law, which is puzzling enough to divide the opinion of the highest court in the land just as finely as possible, badly needs to be clarified.

Back to the Bees

A PERUSAL of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* left us with the impression that Dr. Kinsey and his associates wrote a pretty dull book about a vastly entertaining subject. It was with surprise, then, we saw that Dr. Gordon Bates, general director of the Health League of Canada, was alarmed enough to write: "We suspect that what makes the Kinsey Report dangerous is a failure to realize that a knowledge of the habits of bees and butterflies is insufficient for an adequate investigation of the sins and virtues of men and women." We did not think anything as stodgy as Dr. Kinsey's prose could be dangerous, but we were even more startled by the suggestion that (a) bees and butterflies are no longer proper preliminaries to more advanced discussion of the relation between the sexes, and (b) sex must be either a sin or a virtue.

The Front Page

Ten Good Years

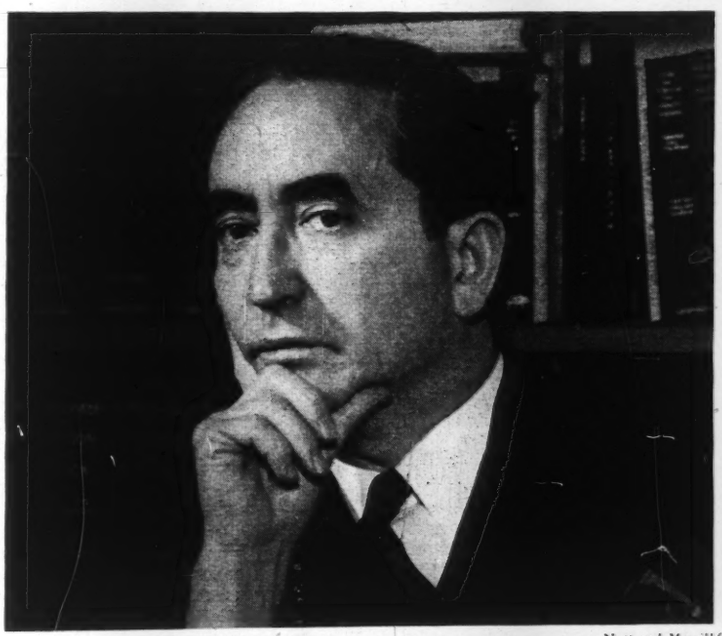
WHEN WE HEARD that Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg would be celebrating next month the tenth anniversary of his arrival in Toronto, we went around to pay our respects to this man who, in the decade he has spent at the city's Holy Blossom Synagogue, has enlarged the reputation he won in his native United States for clear thought and speech.

We found him wearing dark glasses and a bandage over the left eye. "It is a virus infection," he said, "and it has handicapped me now for several months. Still, it is not an unmixed evil. It has enabled me to do more contemplative thinking than I was able to do in years of increasing rabbinical responsibility. And, strange to say, I feel closer now to my people and to God, united by the bonds of challenge which bind all humanity in fellowship and faith."

When we mentioned the growth of his congregation, he said: "Yes, Holy Blossom membership has more than tripled during the decade. It is one of the largest Jewish congregations on the Continent. Although I am deeply gratified, that is only the arithmetic of success; bigness measures business, not religion. Achievement of that kind can be a snare, not only robbing a clergyman of time for family, fun and friends, but also making him an 'executive' and administrator instead of a scholar and poet. Clergymen, more than any other group, must keep space in their lives for meditation and study. Religion is not mathematics, but mystery. Then for the personal well-being of a harassed and busy clergyman, the most practical ingredient in his personality is a sense of humor. Sometimes it is difficult to combine that with the dignity of the 'cloth.' If a choice has to be made, I think humor has the prior claim. Dignity can easily degenerate into pomposity; it is an inner quality of soul, not a studied product of voice and mannerism."

"I define happiness as the expression of self on the highest level of mind and spirit, the total expenditure of one's being in a cause which commands love and loyalty," he said, when we mentioned his ministry in Canada. "In that sense, I have received much happiness in Canada. This great country has given me the chance to be and do my best. Canada has what it takes for the Atomic Age—metals and minerals. It needs more men and less wilderness. The first thing which impressed me about Canadians was their capacity for patient listening. Canadians want to know; they are more deliberate and mature in judgment than many people in the United States. I hope Canada will not accept a role as carbon-copy of that tremendous country across the border. As an American citizen, I urge Canadians to be themselves."

"Man must be free," he said, "not as a concession by the state, but as a mandate from God, in whose image he was created. I believe more firmly than ever in the credo of Judaism as an explanation of the universe, as a way of life and as a response to the will of God. Yet, I can't prove I am right, by fact or logic. Therefore, other religions have the same chance to possess final and absolute truth. To me, that conclusion makes bigotry ridiculous. My pet foes are a thick skin, which protects a man from feeling for others; a thick skull, which prevents him from thinking; and a passion for a thick wallet, which perverts his morals. I was once termed a 'Crusader.' Aside from the theological implications of that name, I accept it gladly, if it means I don't intend to give up fighting against these three evils. Whether I win or lose, the battle will, please God, keep me alert, alive and unafraid."



Nott and Merrill

RABBI FEINBERG: Time for meditation.

The Changing Times

WE HAVE an idea that when future historians come to study our changing times, they will find their most fruitful source of material in our advertising. This gloomy thought came to us the other morning when we found, tucked away on a sports page, this plea: "Hockey player wanted. Intermediate B calibre goalkeeper or forward to fill position of bookkeeper for three-store furniture company." The historians could go back fifteen years or so and find a subtle difference in phrasing, with a similar appeal going something like this: "Bookkeeper wanted. Three-store furniture company has position for alert young man, preferably with Intermediate B experience."

Traubel and Bing

PERHAPS it is just as well that Helen Traubel will not be singing at the Metropolitan this winter. During the past couple of seasons it was noticeable that she was having her troubles with some of the more demanding passages that Wagner has inflicted on the sopranos who sing in his operas. But for the life of us, we cannot understand why Rudolf Bing, the Metropolitan's general manager, chose Miss Traubel's appearances in night clubs as the means of easing her out of his company. In so doing, Mr. Bing was putting into action the curious theory that the worth of music depends not so much on what it is as where it is performed.

Miss Traubel is a hearty person who gets a lot of fun out of living and singing. She is an ardent student of the science of baseball, and the citizens of St. Louis long ago became accustomed to hearing her magnificent voice, like that of an enraged Valkyrie, ho-yo-to-he-ing like mad from back of third base — very disturbing to visiting players it is too, we understand. She likes singing the folk music of the United States—the Negro spirituals, the wonderful chants that came out of the honky-tonks along the Mississippi, the ballads of the more recent musical plays. She has fun in duets with such a polished purveyor of off-beat intelligence as James Durante. And she has found that her performances in places dedicated to the more effervescent forms of entertainment are not only highly satisfying financially but artistically as well, because the night-clubbers are

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not so anaesthetised against culture that they cannot appreciate a great voice when they hear it. But Mr. Bing doesn't like these goings-on.

"We see reports that you are now appearing in a night club," Mr. Bing said in a letter to Miss Traubel, "which makes me wonder whether you would perhaps, for the time being, rather not appear at the Metropolitan. . . Perhaps you would prefer to give the Metropolitan a 'miss' for a year or so until you may possibly feel that you want again to change back to the more serious aspects of your art." The prose is tortured, but the meaning is clear: "Get the hell out of the night clubs, Traubel." The soprano snapped back: "Artistic dignity is not a matter of where one sings."

Our sympathies lie with Miss Traubel. Mr. Bing has done some remarkable work in improving the physical production of opera at the Metropolitan, but we do not think this is important; opera is better listened to than watched, with an unencumbered imagination allowed to give bodies to the singers and settings to their story. And the most elaborate productions possible will not do much for the Metropolitan if it is to be turned into one of those sacred precincts which must be decontaminated before and after every contact with the uncultured masses.

Above and Beyond

IT SEEMS that cats have good reason for the fine disdain they show for the petty restrictions human beings impose on themselves and their more subdued pets. A Vancouver couple got up one morning a little while ago and found that a cat, to whom some neighbors belonged, had managed during the night to damage or destroy goldfish valued at $7, a canary ($15), and garden bulbs worth $18. They promptly sued, but defence counsel produced an old decision by an Appeal Court which said that there can be no suit for trespass against a cat because the creature is merely following its natural propensities. Cats have managed for centuries to stay a little above and beyond man-made law, and it looks as if their position is safe for a while yet.

The Greatest Dancer

THE BALLET is something like bullfighting. There are a great many people who can watch a performance with interest but without feeling any surge of excitement; and there are the devotees, unbridled in their enthusiasm for classical perfection and harsh in their criticism of technical flaws, who regard the execution of a passage or of a bull almost as a mystical rite. Anglo-Saxons have become *aficionados* of the *plaza de toros* only at second hand, through such books as *Death in the Afternoon* and *The Brave Bulls;* meanwhile, one of the social phenomena of the past couple of decades, and in particular of the postwar years, has been the rapid increase in the numbers of balletomanes who crowd to applaud or condemn performances in communities in which, not long ago, a *pas de deux* was as common a topic of convertion as the black death.

One of the agencies responsible for this remarkable development has been the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and its superb prima ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, whom Sacheverell Sitwell recently described as "probably, all things considered, the greatest living dancer in the world today"—a judgment that undoubtedly will be supported by most of those who have seen her dance during the Company's present tour of North America. The Company is in Toronto this week, and will appear later in Montreal.

Although Miss Fonteyn has been performing the chief roles in classical ballets with Sadler's Wells since she

MARGOT FONTEYN: Probably the greatest.

was 16, when she took over as principal dancer after the departure of Alicia Markova, there are many critics of the ballet who believe that, superb as she is, she still has not reached the peak of her powers of interpretation of thought and emotion in the dance.

Off-stage, she has an engaging simplicity of manner, but one would never mistake her for anything but a finely-trained dancer; every movement is one of fluid, balanced grace. Her olive skin and dark eyes she gets from her Brazilian mother, who married an English engineer named Hookham. Miss Fonteyn was born in Reigate, Surrey, in 1919 and christened Margaret. She got her stage name by adapting her mother's maiden name, Fontes. She likes good food, good talk and, according to reports, parties and jitterbugging. We doubt if she gets much chance to indulge all her likes, however. To quote Mr. Sitwell again:

"Dancing is a primitive impulse with human beings, and you have the feeling when Fonteyn is dancing that she dances from instinct, and that she was born to do this. She is entirely dedicated to it. This is the only method of perfection for an English dancer . . . But it has been achieved by living utterly and entirely for that purpose and having little, if any, life outside it."

The Sixteenth Rhapsody

THE HUNGARIAN Academy of Sciences has just published a new People's Democratic Dictionary, which contains more than 3,000 Russian words selected to give the backward Hungarians the necessary vocabulary for proper democratic speech. We have little to add to the comment of the leading Hungarian newspaper, *Esti Budapest*, which declares confidently that, "Hungary is now the happiest country in the world. We have got not only a new order which, with the help of the great Soviet Union, has brought our people to a state of which we once barely dared to dream. We have also got from our Russian friends a terminological wealth which now allows all Hungarians to express themselves better, and to do it with greater enthusiasm and with a greater emphasis on Socialist production." Our only thought is that we never expected that the sixteenth Hungarian rhapsody would turn out to be words without music.

A Matter of Taste

THERE WAS a querulous note in the remark attributed to Davidson Dunton, chairman of the CBC's Board of Governors, when he was asked about the stubborn way Canadian set-owners do not dial in programs produced by the CBC. "People will get to like them," Mr. Dunton was quoted as saying. "Appreciation will develop."

It is true that some tastes can be acquired. People do learn to smoke, drink hard liquor, and eat stuffed olives after some pretty discouraging starts. On the other hand, no one, as far as we know, has ever got to like senna tea and the other physics of childhood, despite years of parental effort to fix the idea "It's good for you." The validity of Mr. Dunton's argument, then, depends on whether the CBC is a stuffed olive or a dose of dubious medicine, and the evidence to date strongly suggests it is the latter.

There are more disquieting aspects to Mr. Dunton's remark, however. It is Government policy, it seems, to prevent any Canadian competition to CBC-TV until the Corporation's stations are firmly established. If this means "until appreciation has developed," it looks as if the CBC stations are going to have monopolies in their broadcast areas for quite a while, no matter who suffers. And there is suffering already, apart from that of the set-owners. The people who sell TV sets in Ottawa, for example, are complaining about slack business; apparently the disloyal Ottawans are in no rush to spend money simply for the privilege of looking at nothing but what the CBC chooses to show them.

A Quiet Time

WHEN Sir Winston Churchill spoke to the Conservative convention at Margate the other day, his body was obviously weary from the weight of his 79 years, but his mind and tongue were nimble. He was still the old master, the wit, the visionary, the politician, the statesman, and the best platform personality of them all. Embedded in his speech, however, was a statement that set us to wondering. "The world needs patience," he said. "It needs a period of calm rather than vehement attempts to produce clear-cut solutions."

This, surely, was a new Churchill; a far different person from the restless, impatient driver of the war years, the grim prophet who warned that there was no time to spare as the world marched from depression to destruction, the erratic, daring young war correspondent and political strategist. Was it the weariness or the wisdom of age that prompted his appeal for a quiet time?

We do not think it was an old man's fatigue. The world has been sick of many ills for quite a while, and could do with a good long rest. Sir Winston believes that it can afford the time for a period of convalescence, and he may be right. Perhaps we make too much of the urgency of many of our problems. Unfortunately, problems do not cease to exist simply because nobody bothers about them, and men are not inclined to wait for the passage of time to produce the "clear-cut solutions."

There is a saying that the science of politics is the art of the possible, and Sir Winston, as much as any man, knows what curbs are placed on the hopes and ambitions of statesmen. Now, more than ever before, he is able to view history as a slow, stately processional of events, not to be hurried or delayed as it moves inexorably to its unknown destination—a march during which there is time to look backward and to talk about the choice of routes ahead. But this is the wisdom of age, which men do not learn until they are in their sunset years. For the rest of us there is the urgency of the hour and the day, the press of events clamoring for action and, indeed, the invigorating challenge of action itself.

Letters

Compulsory Service

I HAVE BEEN reading with great interest the comments on the way Quebec votes and the part conscription has played in influencing that vote . . . The time has undoubtedly come for another look at the question of conscription. I do not see how any reasonable person can deny that Canada needs a form of compulsory military service right now.

Look at the facts: Canada is the only one of the NATO nations still relying on the completely unfair and inefficient system of volunteer service; Canada's armed services — the Army in particular, I believe—must go to a great expense to bring the education of the semi-literates they enroll up to a decent standard; the present recruiting program, in a prosperous country, drags in only the shiftless, the misfits and the irresponsible, apart from the few who honestly want to make a military career for themselves; the young men in their late 'teens are a completely undisciplined lot, and a year or two under some tough sergeants would do them the world of good.

Moreover, a program of compulsory service could probably be instituted now without too much of a scream from the well-fed citizens — and not just in Quebec either. There is no war on now, so the element of fear will be absent from the objections.

Saskatoon FREDERICK WILLOUGHBY

Cheap Books

IT IS a pleasure to see so many excellent books being reproduced in cheap paper editions; or rather it would be a pleasure if they were more attractively bound. Can SATURDAY NIGHT not start a campaign to encourage publishers to put their books into more attractive covers? Too often these paper backs are sleazy to the touch, slippery to hold and offensive to look at. They will sell equally well, I am sure, if they are considered as works of art both inside and out.

HECTOR C. TRENTON

Moose Jaw, Sask.

Thanksgiving

DURING the morning of Monday, October 12, I was listening to a saccharine voiced young woman broadcasting over Station CBU, Vancouver, on a national hook-up, a program entitled "Kindergarten of the Air," presumably for the instruction of Canadian listeners of pre-school age.

From this program I learned that the festival of Thanksgiving originates from the 17th century AD, and commemorates the landing of certain British emigrants upon a portion of the Atlantic Coast of this continent, now a part of the USA.

I think you will agree with the writer that the attention of the responsible authorities of our national radio system might well be drawn to the antiquity of the Harvest Festival, dating as it does from primitive man's earliest agricultural efforts to this Christian year of 1953.

If Miss Goulding could be provided with even such elementary reading upon social history as Fraser's *Golden Bough* or Smith's *Man and his Gods,* she might be astonished to learn that all history did not commence with the USA, and that from prehistoric ages man has relied upon such festivals as May Day and Harvest Thanksgiving as promiscuous aids to his prolific fecundity. Also the CBC might be spared making itself further ridiculous by disseminating such jejune grotesquerie for the misinformation of young Canadians.

Whaletown, BC WM. LUCAS HUNT

The New Clip

I AM sick to death of spending money and time hunting for pictures for my children to paste in their school note-books. It seems to me that we subscribe to half a dozen magazines for no other reason than to provide them with illustrations for their school studies. It has become a family burden. Margaret, aged 14, announces at dinner that she needs a set of pictures to put in her foods book illustrating table setting; John, aged 10, has to find a picture of a beaver, a bear, and a bull, for Natural Science, he says, though why anyone would connect those three animals for other than alliterative purposes is beyond the understanding of their mother—but then, I am a product of the old, not the "New" education; Susan, aged 8, has to have pictures to illustrate 6 health rules.

The whole family has this never-ending search for pictures hanging over it all the time; the house is strewn with clippings and globs of paste spatter half the furniture. Surely there are more important things to be done in school and for homework than this fiddling busy work. I for one would prefer that they practised their handwriting or perfected their multiplication or spelling. Let's return the notes to the note-books and confine scrapbook-making to convalescent activities.

(MRS. A.) MARY GALBRAITH

Edmonton

Grammarians

THE LETTER signed by Will Hankinson (Sept. 26), should not pass without comment, for fear that the author may be left free to perpetrate and perpetuate further inaccuracies in his so-freely-offered lessons in English grammar. His very reference to "modifier of 'feel' " shows that he does not understand what the rest of us are talking about. It is true that the verb "feel" may be modified, in the sense of a better or worse ability to perform the act, but in this case the adverbial form "well" would be the proper one —"I don't feel well", meaning, "My senses are so dull that I am incapable of normal sensation". But that isn't what Mrs. Fox's small son means to say—it is a modifier of "I" with which we are concerned.

Nor is he any more interested in expressing a feeling of moral superiority or inferiority, which is what his modification by "good" would indicate. "I don't feel good"—"I feel bad", i.e., "I feel as though I were a bad little boy". No! what he means, as I am sure Will Hankinson would realize if he stopped to think, is an expression of his state of well-being, for which "well" is the only possible really correctly expressive adjective—"I don't feel well"—"I feel ill".

As for "bin" for "been", if Will Hankinson had humbly pleaded for toleration for this upstart colloquialism, one might be disposed to grant it, but to assert that his is "the Canadian pronunciation", or "the preferred usage in Canada" is altogether too presumptuous, and, even if this were true, to go on from toleration to the intolerance of encouraging the teacher's correction of the boy's pronunciation hardly argues a becoming humility.

Edmonton (DR.) W. J. DOWNS

TO PRAISE a teacher for "correcting" an English child's correct pronunciation is amazing.

Do teachers in Quebec, Mexico and Brazil "correct" the pronunciation of French, Spanish and Portuguese newcomers from educated families?

Is it the goal of all good Canadian teachers to teach our children to speak English like Americans? If so, why?

According to an American magazine, General Spaatz, after meeting with his kinsfolk in Holland, insists that his name is not pronounced SPATS but SPOTS! Is this also "generally accepted usage in the English-speaking world"? Been has been pronounced to rhyme with seen, green and Queen from the time of Elizabeth I to Elizabeth II, as Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Keats and others can prove. If "Bin" is the generally accepted usage in the English-speaking world, is it taught at Eton and Harrow? Do the Dons of Oxford use it? Is it commonly used in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa?

I am not a new comer.

Sidney, BC A. H. H. DONALD

Proper Postage

IT IS OFTEN forgotten that goodwill, vital to any growth in trade, can be destroyed by the failure of traders to pay attention to details that appear to be minor but can cause irritation to existing and prospective customers, out of all proportion to the money cost involved. An example is lack of care in the proper mailing of letters with the correct postage on them. For one of the leading trading nations of the world, with a high standard of education and a pride in our business efficiency, this detail of Canadian office routine is carried out in a manner that is truly shocking.

Surely it should not be too much to expect whoever is responsible for the mailing in a large business office, to take some interest in whether the letters will arrive in 4 days or 4 weeks. Surface mail to the West Indies is slow and irregular while air mail is much more regular and about 7 times faster. I have had letters from Victoria, B.C. in two days, but that is a record. It is a very common experience to receive rather important letters that have taken up to 4 weeks by surface mail, and equally common to have to pay a surcharge on air-mail because it was sent off with only the 7-cent stamp, whereas the correct rate to these parts is 10 cents per ¼ oz. or part thereof. Occasional protests do not seem to effect any noticeable improvement.

R. E. SMYTHIES

St. Peter, Barbados, BWI.

The Glaring Signs

I WONDER if there is any connection between the mounting accident toll and the numerous electric signs which overhang our streets and dazzle both the pedestrian and driver. If you are sufficiently familiar with the town through which you are driving to know what the busy intersections are, you may manage to get through without a crumpled fender or a tangled bumper. If you have to depend on your own eyesight to pick out the traffic signs from among the neon signs, the chances are that you will not get through safely. Red, green and yellow lights no longer mean Stop, Go and Caution but Look, Come and Buy.

I am perfectly well aware that many of the most serious accidents happen on clear stretches of highway, but the petty tangles on our city streets can mount up to be just as annoying and costly. They are certainly just as needless. This glare of sign lighting is, I am sure, a factor in the accident rate of urban areas which ought to be investigated and, where necessary, controlled by municipal ordinance.

Lindsay, Ont. T. P. MAGUIRE

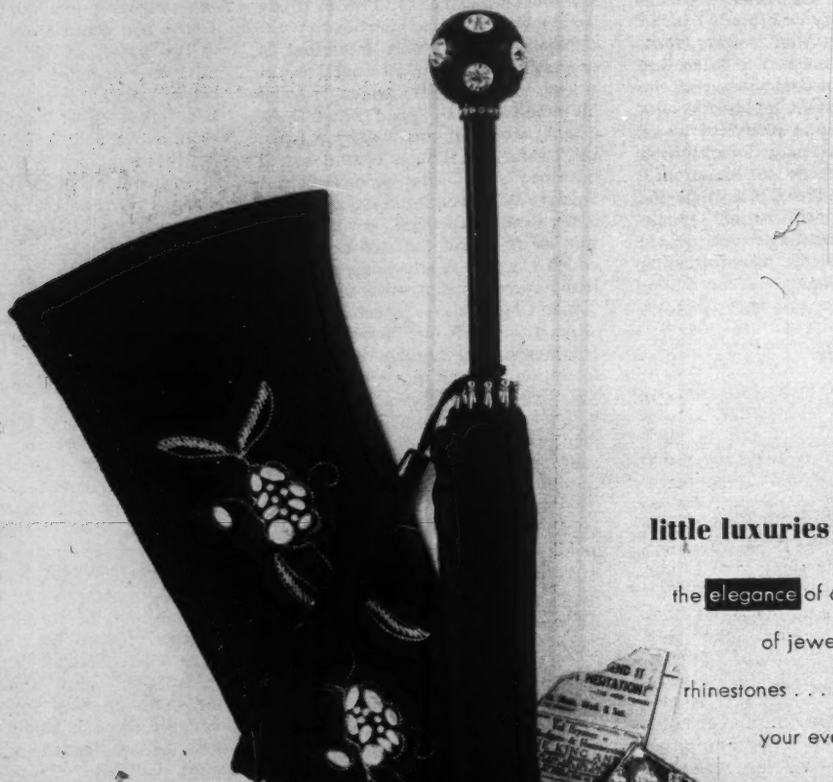
Consumers Needed

CORRESPONDENTS have taken exception to your writings with regard to immigration. I do not.

The only natural resource of any consequence that Canada lacks is people. Without people—and people in much greater number than we now have — Canada's great natural resources can never hope to be fully realized. People are producers and they are consumers; without them the potentially great Canadian industrial economy will never exist.

What made the United States the great industrial power it is today? The 160 million people who form the domestic market made it possible to exploit mass-production methods to the fullest, creating the most efficient industries in the world together with the highest living standards. Protective tariffs made it possible for industries to establish and grow . . .

Toronto E. R. SEAMAN



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The Survival Value Of a Soft Nation

By ARTHUR R. M. LOWER

THE OTHER DAY I stood looking at the new crop of "freshmen" wearing the absurd clothes which mark their "initiation". A pile of market baskets lay near one of the doors. Clothes and baskets, apparently, they had to disport in public, as an aspect, I suppose, of that humility forced upon them by the old veterans of one additional year's standing.

"It seems pretty adolescent, doesn't it," said a colleague of mine.

"Possibly, as the years go by, succeeding generations of students will be a little more mature," said someone else.

But is there any reason to believe that "succeeding generations of students will be more mature"? I do not think they will. If our North American civilization is not overturned, it seems to me that succeeding generations (of the same age) will be less mature. Why? Because here in this islanded and lucky part of the world, every effort, both in society and the schools, is made to prolong immaturity.

This matter of immaturity touches every aspect of our lives, in school and out. If you can understand it and its implications, I imagine you will have gone far in putting your finger on the answer to that most constant of queries: "What is wrong with the younger generation?"

Mind you, I am not asserting that there is anything wrong with it which is not also wrong with the older generation. It is simply young! That's the most easily cured of faults.

One has to come at our social and education problems, it seems to me, by looking at the nature of our experience here in this new world. Everything considered, it has been an easy experience. It is true that the Americans have some Indian raids to remember along with their own Revolution (when 19 out of 20 of them remained securely in their own quite reasonably comfortable homes) and their Civil War, which put the South through it, if not the North. But as compensation, they had the fattest country in the world and managed, as they still do, to fight their wars on an unexcelled high standard of living.

Canadians have known a good deal more poverty, comparatively, but they have had little to make them a hard-bitten people. Contrast the ill-fortunes of the Europeans. Omit, if you like, the death and destruction of "legitimate" war and think only of such matters as being turned out of your home with an hour's notice, the refugee flights, the terrors of invasion and of the secret police, the secret shootings, the gas-chambers. Our experience, alongside such as these, is that of protected children.

The case holds in the ordinary things of life. We live in comfortably heated houses, on good food. Europeans shiver, Asiatics starve.

Usually we assume that we have created our own happy circumstances ourselves. I agree that we are excellent and energetic people. But must we not also give a good deal of credit to nature, who put us first into this treasure trove of riches, North America, and made most of us of one tongue?

Whether we get the credit for our own excellences or not, the point is that people who have things so easy are liable to become soft. Frankly, I think that that is what has been happening on this continent. It has, of course, affected everything, education included—indeed, education especially. If in most parts of the world life is a harder business than it is here, is it unfair to draw the inference that the people too are harder, and hardier, with a higher survival value?

I don't think it is. If you want some proof, look at the way in which the immigrant often carves out a place for himself in Canadian life; he probably finds Canadians lax and "easy".

We have gone too far in assuming fatness and ease as our perpetual heritage; we seem often to believe that peoples who have harder conditions to face than ourselves are actually sinful. Our education naturally reflects our social attitudes—the attitudes of people who in many respects are living in a dream world. Many "educationists" (who are those persons engaged in "teaching how to teach" and in framing public educational policy) just now are fond of talking about "education for life". I submit that much of the doctrine they manage to get into practice in the schools is in large part a mis-education for life.

The kind of life for which many "educationists" want to fit us seems to be a nicey-nice version of existence, where there are no nasty people and no nasty problems: it is one wherein we are all "socially adjusted" to each other, where everybody fits in, no one makes himself objectionable and everyone always, like a good little boy, washes the back of his neck. In short, it is a prolongation of childhood.

I am not arguing for a "rough, tough and nasty" ideal of life. All I am suggesting is that life as we know it, the world over, has far more of these qualities than our preparation for it likes to admit. The English "public school", to whose iron ways and physical hardships the "sons of gentlemen" had to submit, was closer to realism than are our own gentle, overly-feminized institutions for the same age groups.

The root of the trouble with our primary and secondary education lies in this sentimentalism which marks our society, especially that of our American cousins, in its refusal to stare back at the hard realities of life. Since most of our professional "educationists" are just ordinary men who have got some distance up the professional scale, they tend to share this sentimentality. In fact, a proportion of them being men of mediocre abilities, without adequate education themselves, they probably reflect the currents about them quite accurately. In education, as in all else, we take over American practices without fundamental examination, so that the results of American sentimentality get into our schools, just as into American schools.

The professional educationist, being the man he is, rarely has an adequate philosophy. Most of us here in North America are on the way up, socially and economically; we nearly all belong to the middle class and most of us to the lower middle class. That means that we are decent people with ambition, but ambition of a narrow sort: we all want to "get on". At least we want to have a home, a nice clean home, not a great, big one, just a nice little home, and the creature comforts that go with it. That is fine; it is something commended by all the poets and all the philosophers: "home, sweet home. If all the rest of mankind were like us, and enjoyed our advantages, it might be a legitimate goal for society. Unfortunately this worthy lower middle class ideal has not got enough fibre in it to last by itself. It is too much devoted to coziness, too narrow in its range. Even here, in this calm pond of Canada, occasional winds roughen the surface. Outside, on the open sea, the winds roar.

OUR PLEASANT fire-side idyll may very likely stand in the future as one of the golden ages of humanity. But can golden ages be expected to last? Two billion dollars for defence per year! That is the answer to this pretty little domestic interlude we have been enjoying these last hundred years; it is the answer to the sentimentality which is the curse of our modern system of education. The future looks as if it were going to be, not feminine and cozy, but masculine and belligerent. Let us only hope that educationists, sensing the wind, do not do a 180-degree turn on us here and start turning our schools into barracks.

Anyone acquainted with our public education knows what I mean by that word "sentimentalism". "There is no royal road to learning," it used to be said. "Of course there is," says the modern practitioner, "and if there isn't, so much the worse for learning." In consequence, the "hard" subjects take a bad beating. If you drill youngsters on the multiplication table so that they really know it, you are probably setting up some kind of complex within the little dears which will cause them at the age of forty to murder their mothers. Under no circumstances must the corroding spirit of competition be allowed to enter; no class lists in order of merit—no failures, for that matter, but everybody perpetually successful, as if, in this bitter, fighting world of ours, we could afford to forget that it is the fittest who survive.

Discipline, for the same reasons, also takes a bad beating: don't impose inhibitions on the pure innocence of childhood. The emphasis seems all on allowing the white flower of a blameless life to grow up in its own beautiful way. That kind of emphasis implies that man is naturally good (I find myself unconsciously quoting Rous-

Wide World

"THE FUTURE looks belligerent." Europe's shivering children look at life through barbed wire.

seau, the fountain head); all you have to do is stir the earth around the young plant; nature will do the rest and in time it will be covered with lovely blossoms. Touching, isn't it? And everyone knows, as false to life as it could be; the kind of thinking that could exist only in a highly protected and altogether exceptional society such as our own.

The query naturally follows: what kind of survival value has such an attitude? Not a very good chance of survival, I am afraid. The rough, rude world will push us about and laugh at us, if we can't face up to it. It will take the same satisfaction in destroying our domestic coziness as rude boys take in destroying the windows in empty buildings. (What bigger kick to be got out of life than the sound of breaking glass?)

The essential dishonesty of this sentimental way of looking at things earns its own reward in its repudiation. Nothing is more observable, over large sectors of our society today, than the rejection of this genteel refinement. Think, for example, of how callous we are becoming to the loss of life in accident. Think of the brutish filthiness of our drinking habits. Relate such things to the mounting totals of crimes of violence. In all these areas, I see the repudiation of an ethic that was too mild to stand up to reality, that ethic which, distorted into "progressivism," has had such a large place in our school rooms during the last generation.

If we want to get back to some solidity in education — as to some sense of realism in life — we shall have to remember that there is a limit to the free-play of individual impulse, that men are just as likely to be naturally bad as naturally good, and that they therefore may need the firm hand, both to restrain their anti-social tendencies and to teach them to spell. In short, we shall have to give up our pleasant little dream that perfection is just round the corner and recognize that we have a long way to go yet before men become angels.

To confront the world we are moving into, we must have either a virile faith or sheer barbaric courage. The sentimentality which seems to underlie so much of our modern schooling gives us neither.

•

Shared Laughter

I ask myself: How will the future fare—
The breath between the present and the end?
I close my eyes and see you standing there
And think how you could never understand.

I tell myself: A little might remain
Of gone affection though the years will pass,
And see you standing in the April rain
While snows blot out the daisies in the grass.

I laugh and say: It is a burden I
Shall carry with myself until I die.

You understand: I laugh. Perhaps my class
Has early shed the habit how to cry.

And I am glad that of the two of us
It is not you who has to laugh, but I.

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Ottawa Letter

Speakers, Speeches and Surpluses

PRIME MINISTER St. Laurent has now completed the personnel of his administration and announced the choices of the Government for the Speakership and leadership of both Houses of Parliament.

Senator Wishart Robertson, who since 1945 has been the Government's leader in the Senate and a member of the Cabinet without portfolio, leaves the august circle and is being consoled with the Speakership of the Senate. His place in the Cabinet and as Liberal leader in the Senate is being taken by Ross Macdonald, who served as Speaker of the House of Commons in the late Parliament. Senator Macdonald was an excellent Speaker, who shed all partisanship in the Chair, ruled the House with appropriate dignity and a benign hand, which, however, could be firm when firmness was required. He was popular with the politicians of all parties and the other habitués of Parliament Hill, but he has had no experience in the arts of leadership and the guidance of legislation.

Yet he has been preferred for leadership to experienced Liberals like Senators Crerar, Euler and Lambert. It may be that Senator Crerar and Senator Euler are considered too old to resume Ministerial duties, or have no further inclination for them, but Senator Lambert, the possessor of one of the best minds in the Senate, is still in the prime of his powers, and during the last session the Liberal majority in the Senate found him an efficient substitute for Senator Robertson during the temporary absence of the latter. But in being denied the promotion, to which many people in Ottawa thought he was entitled, he is probably paying the penalty for the attitude of critical independence, which he has adopted in recent years to mark some legislative measures of the Government, and for the second time in our history the experiment of entrusting the leadership of the Senate to a new recruit is being tried.

Nowadays our Prime Ministers ease their burdens by turning over the routine duties pertaining to the leadership of the House of Commons to one of their Ministers. As successor to Mr. Fournier, the former holder of his job, Mr. St. Laurent has chosen Walter Harris, the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration.

There are good political judges who think that, when Mr. St. Laurent retires, Mr. Harris would be the best leader that the Liberal party could select. Their reasons are that he is more firmly anchored in the basic principles of Liberalism than some of his competitors are, that he has "grass roots" associations in Ontario and that he is popular with the parliamentary rank and file of the party. There are no black marks on the record of Mr. Harris, and he has been a sound party man and diligent administrator in office, but so far he has never shown the conspicuous ability as a parliamentarian which is essential for first-class leadership. He will now have an opportunity of proving his mettle as a debater and manager of the Commons.

It was inevitable that the Speakership of the House of Commons would fall to René Beaudoin, as it is now the turn of a French-Canadian, and he has served an invaluable apprenticeship for the post as Deputy-Speaker since 1949. Mr. Beaudoin, who is 41, has won recognition as one of the rising stars of the Liberal party; he has a much broader range of intellectual pursuits than the average member, and his deep interest in the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association, of whose Canadian section he has been Chairman, and in the UN, has given him an international outlook. He speaks English with great fluency and will be acceptable to all parties in the Commons. He has been given a competent deputy from Ontario in W. A. Robinson, who sits for Simcoe East.

It is to be hoped that, as Speaker, Mr. Beaudoin will take a stern attitude towards the habitual violation of the rule that members must not read their speeches from prepared manuscripts, and that he will not be content, as his predecessor was, just to administer at intervals a mild rebuke to a practice which has lowered immensely the quality of parliamentary debates at Ottawa. All the life is taken out of a debate when, as often happens now, half a dozen members rise in succession to read in a dreary monotone a manuscript which has been carefully prepared by a civil servant or some slick ghost writer attached to the headquarters of a party's organization.

During the election campaign, the Prime Minister intimated that, while he had hesitated to use the huge Liberal majority in the last Parliament for the purpose of carrying out reforms of the antiquated and cumbrous procedure of the House of Commons, which he felt were overdue but might be unpalatable to the parties in Opposition, he would construe a fresh mandate as ample authority for tackling this reform. So the Government is credited with the intention of asking Parliament during the coming session to approve of a sweeping modernization of the rules of the Commons, which will be largely modelled upon the procedure now followed at Westminster.

One of the most desirable reforms now under consideration is the adoption of the practice, which has been followed in the British Parliament for many years, of fixing a definite reasonable period with a time limit for major debates each session, and for the complete elimination of debates on resolutions preceding the introduction of money bills. The application of such surgery, accompanied by a curtailment from 40 to 30 minutes of the time allotted now to private members for their speeches in the debate on the Address from the Throne, would be particularly welcome. This debate on the Address has become an annual time-wasting farce.

Members belonging to all parties have formed the habit of using it, not for the serious discussion of current problems, but for discoursing solely upon the problems and grievances of their constituencies and for currying favor with their voters by expatiating upon the wealth of their riding's resources, the prowess of its football or hockey teams, the longevity of its inhabitants or other irrelevant topics.

There are also forecasts that the Government will propose substantial increases in the salaries of all Cabinet Ministers and in the indemnities of members. The revelation of the pitiably small estate left recently by a widely respected member of the House of Commons, the late Gordon Graydon, will be used as a powerful argument by the advocates of increased remuneration for members.

TODAY the glut of canned salmon in British Columbia is just as great as the glut of wheat in the prairie provinces. On October 1, the pack of canned salmon already amounted to 1,690,343 cases, each containing 48 lbs. of fish, which represented an increase of about a third over the figure for the same date in 1952—and there was a considerable carryover from the pack of 1952.

The domestic market will absorb a certain quantity of the canned salmon and, as the result of a poor run in the rivers of Alaska, exports to the United States promise to be larger than a year ago, but together these sales will only make a small dent in the huge stocks already accumulated.

Until shortage of Canadian dollars shut it off, the British market was the chief outlet for British Columbia's canned salmon, and without access to it, the salmon canners see disaster staring them in the face. When they opened negotiations recently with the British Ministry of Food, they were told politely that the craving of the British working classes for Canadian canned salmon had not abated, but neither had the shortage of Canadian dollars been relieved. However, they were also told that, if they would divert to Britain a substantial proportion of their annual outlays for tinplate, diesel engines, cellophane, nets and other equipment, and let British manufacturers earn more Canadian dollars, a deal might be possible.

This suggestion proved a good lure, and the salmon canners lost no time in exploring its possibilities. It found favor even with directors of canneries controlled by American interests. One packing firm has already placed a large order for Welsh tinplate, and a leader of the industry, who will be followed by others, is now in Britain negotiating with British manufacturers about different kinds of equipment. The British feel that they can meet the prices of American and Canadian competitors.

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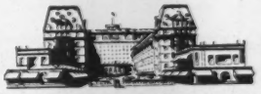

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Foreign Affairs

What's Right With France

METZ: What I saw when I crossed the Rhine only increased the apprehension I had felt over the contrast between dynamic, bustling Germany, with a stable political and economic leadership now assured for the next four years, and France, politically ungovernable and economically stagnant. It was almost like stepping back into the 19th Century. Compared to the feverish building activity to be seen everywhere in Germany there were very, very few signs of new building in France, and even fewer signs of the modernization which French hotels, offices and homes have been awaiting for decades.

Yet when I spoke to the French of the activity of the Germans, they almost invariably responded with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark that the Germans were merely ants, a disciplined people but quite without culture. Over and over again I was told, eloquently, of the superiority of French culture and individuality. On one occasion I had this for two solid hours, over a repast of oysters and *Chateaubriand* and, among several wines, a 1929 Burgundy, served especially for two in the crude cookhouse of a steel mill! I figured afterwards that the Germans had built just exactly one hundred new dwellings, mostly for workers, while my acquaintance was telling me how much better than the Germans the French workers really live.

This is the true face of France today, of a people who have been putting off for a long time the necessary adjustment to the grimmer life of the mid-twentieth century. Almost the whole directing class in French politics and business is spending far too much of its time, thought and money tucking away two banquets a day.

Fortunately, two great men appeared in the nick of time, Jean Monnet with a vision and a plan for modernizing basic French industries and building great new power sources, and George C. Marshall with American support for this plan. True, I have been told many times over that the Marshall Plan really hasn't been much help in French recovery, because France has spent more than she received in Marshall Plan aid on her war in Indo-China. Nevertheless, I cannot believe that without the Marshall Plan money, and the Marshall Plan officials to see that it was used in productive enterprises, the French politicians would ever have provided Monnet with the money, year by year, for his great projects.

However that may be, the politicians have so held the stage with their antics, and kept M. Monnet's achievements out of the news, that as a matter of fact most Frenchmen know almost nothing about them. There is more than that to it: the French people just aren't interested in industry, and few visitors, including correspondents, go to France to see industrial achievements.

The French Information Officer in Bonn couldn't tell me of any such achievements, or produce anyone else who could. No one in our embassy in Bonn knew of any. Both the French Ministry of Information and the Canadian Embassy in Paris assured me that the Monnet Plan office had been closed up when Monnet moved to Luxembourg, where he is head of the Schuman Plan Coal and Steel Pool. In the end I found the Monnet Plan office, under the name *Commissariat Général du Plan;* now I have completed a strenuous trip around the country, and it has been worth it. There's a lot of strength in France that the French people and the world don't know much about.

For one thing, there is at Thionville, in Lorraine, a stupendous steel rolling mill which even the Americans admit is the finest in the world today. They know, because a dozen American engineers have supervised its erection, which will be fully completed soon; the mill has been in production for about a year.

This great continuous strip mill (which the French Communists would talk about endlessly were it in Russia and not in their own country, but about which I have never seen a word anywhere except in the London *Economist*) is called SOLLAC, for *Société Lorraine de Laminage Continué,* formed by six private firms. They didn't get it for nothing; they paid the French Government for all this fine machinery, in francs. The Marshall Plan gift is one to the French nation.

Still, the thought that after all it was a gift, was in my mind as I tramped miles through the hot mill and the cold mill, which take billets of steel and roll them into long strips, neatly wound on spools about as big as newsprint rolls, and eventually chopped up into sheets. This is the material out of which a thousand and one articles are fabricated.

I was greatly interested, therefore, to go through an older steel mill nearby one of the oldest in Europe, owned by the famous de Wendel family, and find it in full tide of modernization. This too, as I learned later, was made possible by the Marshall Plan, but de Wendel had to put up his money. Indeed, he had to be persuaded very hard to put it up. He was one of those French industrialists who had sat tight, content with their profits in a cosy division of the market with their "competitors," and had failed to keep up to date between the wars, when the German steel and coal industry modernized.

De Wendel first opposed the SOLLAC project and the expenditure of great amounts of capital in his own works. The plan called for seating SOLLAC right on the de Wendel ore field near Thionville, the largest iron ore reserve in Western Europe, so de Wendel had to be in on it. When a somewhat smaller continuous strip mill, *Usinor,* was built at Denain, and when the Schuman Plan began to be discussed, de Wendel soon saw that real competition would require modernization. It was impressive, after hearing so much about the French capital sitting in Swiss banks and the Swiss bankers looking to Germany as the best investment for it, to see such great chunks of de Wendel's money going, right before your eyes, into immensely costly new blast furnaces, and into workers' housing, for both de Wendel and the SOLLAC combine have outstanding housing projects.

NOW THESE great steel mills, and many other lesser ones, are fed with coal from Lorraine mines only a few miles distant, and just as impressively modern. You can see here with what vision this great man Monnet got France ready for the European Coal and Steel Pool before he brought the idea forward, under Mr. Schuman's sponsorship. No need to feel sorry for the "poor French" in competing with those clever, hard-working Germans, or anyone else, unless they rob themselves through their fiscal policy of the competitive position they enjoy today.

The newest and best Lorraine mines have been extensively mechanized, with speedy rock drills, coal-cutting machines, and great conveyor belts. They have been provided with adequate power by two vast new steam-power generating plants at Carling and Grossbliederstroff, both just on the Saar border. The former, which has a large new coking mill and various projects associated with it, is working now, and the latter is to be operating by the end of the year—though that schedule seemed somewhat optimistic to me. Together the

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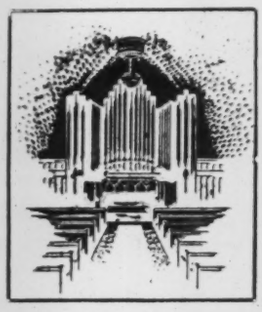

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plants will develop 325,000 hp, and work is under way to double this capacity.

The result of all this is that the Lorraine mines are much the most productive in Europe. Their output per man is one-quarter greater than that of the Saarlanders, the Dutch or the British, one-third greater than that of the Germans, and one-half higher than the Belgians.

Providing the basic power for modern industry was the pre-occupation of Monnet and the band of enthusiasts who worked with him—not only coal power, but water power and, newest of all, oil power. Of all these projects, the big hydro-electric plants on the Rhone are the only ones which have had any real publicity. Génissiat, on the upper Rhone, just a few miles below Geneva, could not fail to attract publicity, by its dramatic situation in a mountain gorge, and the way in which the designers have accentuated this drama by stunning conceptions, inside the plant and out. There is a great deal of fancy stonework, with a number of observation posts for visitors (400,000 a year) on either side of the dam, which in itself is 341 feet high. The generating room and master control room are like nothing but a super-cinema, the generators in their massive row a brilliant red and the walls of polished stone, set with vertical fluorescent tubes.

The guide said that the fancy finish had cost only one per cent of the total outlay, which is given at $150 million at the current value of the franc (this project was commenced in 1937, and the diversion canals had been blasted out by the time the war started). When the sixth generating set is installed, Génissiat will develop an even half-million horse power.

A still greater project, far down the Rhone near Avignon, undertaken by the same organization, the Compagnie Nationale du Rhone, and already working in part, is the Donzères-Mon Dragon hydro-electric plant and navigation canal. Publicity for this one was assured when President Auriol brought 47 ambassadors down with him for the opening, last year. It is of rather special interest to Canadians, because it meets the same kind of problem we will have to meet in the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Donzères will only develop a third of the two million horse power expected from the International Rapids dam, but it is a very big project for France, and much the biggest hydro installation in Europe, this side of the Dnieper. It also has the deepest lock in the world, with a fall of 85 feet, with gates which operate quite differently from any I have ever seen. The gate at the upper end is lowered into a slot to allow the ship to pass over it, while at the other end the gate is raised, allowing the ship to pass under it. It is claimed to be the fastest working lock in the world.

This big project shows all of the traditional French boldness in the use of concrete, which is surely used for more purposes here than anywhere else. And speaking of concrete brings me to Marseilles, the last place in France I would have expected to see wonders. My impression on my last visit, in 1935, was of a dirty place which could not in any way be compared with the last great port I had visited, Hamburg. But today in Marseilles great things are afoot. The first, by way of passing, is a concrete hangar at the airfield, with the biggest doors in the world—they say—330 feet wide by 62 high. There are two of these sheds, and their roof sections were cast in concrete on the ground and raised into place, a yard a day, by hydraulic jacks. Ingenious, no doubt, but a steel roof would probably have cost half as much.

In Marseilles itself, new apartment houses have been built on the whole of the site of the Old Port, razed by the Germans. Not only has all of the immense war damage to the wharves been repaired, but great new sheds have been raised, and one section of the harbor has been re-planned so as to take larger ships. There are new railway stations, one to handle the quantities of perishable food which come in from North Africa, new grain elevators, new bascule bridges, new dry docks, new everything. The Marseilles Port authority, which is called a Chamber of Commerce, is certainly a going concern.

But the main show at Marseilles is the oil port some miles away, at Lavera, the mouth of the salt inlet, Etang de Berre. Here there are three big refineries, with petro-chemical industries, Shell, Anglo-Iranian and the Société Française de Raffinage. The port has been created whole, already handles over 12 million tons of oil a year, and, not to be left behind anyone else, is already deepening to receive the monster new Greek ship, *Tina Onacis*, of 45,000 tons, which I saw being built in Hamburg.

To link the oil port, the airfield and the city, a fine new six-lane highway is being completed. As I was whizzed over this to the station in the usual mad French style, I felt, if a little concerned for my own safety, a lot better about the future of France.

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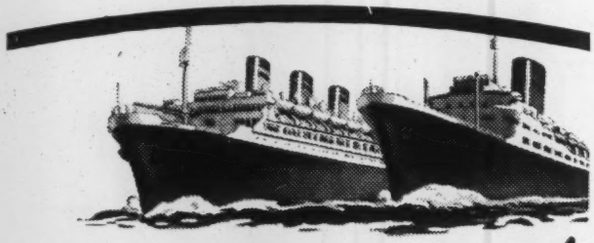

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Travel

For That Bermuda Holiday

A FISHHOOK of emerald islands set in the blue waters of the Atlantic, a land of gently rolling hills where brilliantly colored flowers bloom the year around, of country homes where life is slow and leisurely—this is Bermuda. It is 568 miles due east from Cape Hatteras, North Carolina and only 666 nautical miles from the port of New York.

At first glance from the plane down on the white rooftops of the houses and the unbelievably blue waters of the sounds and harbors formed by the encircling arms of land, you feel that this is a unique place. It is in the middle of nowhere, isolated from the world by miles of ocean and yet only a few hours by plane from Canada.

When you come by sea, the voyage on one of the luxurious ocean liners, with the gay shipboard life, the parties, the new friends and the hours of loafing on the sunny decks, is all too short.

One of the first things you'll notice when you set foot on these coral islands is the brilliant color of the landscape. The houses, constructed of native limestone, are limewashed in pastel shades as soft as a Bermuda sunset. Flowers, particularly hibiscus and oleander, with their vivid red and softer pink blossoms are everywhere, blooming for miles along the winding roads.

People who love the sea love Bermuda. Wherever one turns, the ocean, with its ever-changing colors of pale green, turquoise, Prussian blue and purple, is almost always in sight. Since the main island is only two miles across at the widest point, you are never more than a mile from the shore, and the main road running along the coast affords breath-taking views of beach and surf.

The question of where to stay at a resort is always important. With accommodations for 4,000 visitors at any one time, Bermuda's hotels, guest houses and cottage colonies are as well appointed as any in the world and offer a wide price range. The six largest hotels, Castle Harbor, Princess, Elbow Beach Surf Club, Bermudiana, Belmont Manor and St. George Hotel, each with a capacity for 200 or more guests, occupy beautiful sites at various points on the islands. Most of them have their own tennis courts and some (Castle Harbour, St. George and Belmont Manor) have golf courses at their doorstep. With planned activities such as parties, tours, moonlight sails, beach picnics and get-togethers, they all have the facilities and organization to offer their guests a complete vacation. The price range for a double room with bath, modified American Plan (breakfast and dinner) is $11 to $20 a day, per person.

The dozens of smaller hotels, guest houses and cottage colonies offer a more informal atmosphere, where guests are free to go their own way and poke around in the many fascinating out of the way corners of the islands.

If you prefer to live with a Bermudian family, you can rent a comfortable room in a home for as little as $4 a day. This includes breakfast.

Once you are settled in your hotel or guest house you will probably look about for things to do. You won't have to look far. There are caves to explore, the Devil's Hole, old forts, the historic seaport town of St. George, the rural loveliness of Somerset Parish to see. There are all-day cruises among the islands in Hamilton Harbour and Great Sound, with a picnic lunch and a swim included. There are the fantastic sea gardens on the reefs at the western end of the islands, Spanish Rock, the Coral Checkerboard and countless other things. And most people find cycling the best way of getting around. Many find the small English-type taxi convenient. Others prefer the leisurely pace of a horse-drawn carriage.

For the more active there are unsurpassed facilities for all kinds of sports. The average yearly temperature of 70.7 degrees permits golf, tennis, swimming, fishing or sailing at any time in the year. Even in midwinter the temperature rarely drops below the sixties and there are many days when it's warm enough to get a suntan on one of the magnificent beaches along the south shore. This is why Bermuda is a year-round resort.

For those who would rather watch than participate, there are international events throughout the year with representatives of the U.S., Canada, England, Mexico, Norway and other countries competing. The major sporting event is the biennial Bermuda Race, when some 60 of the world's finest yachts converge on Bermuda, which serves as the finish line for the blue water classic.

FOR MANY years Bermuda shops have been internationally famous for prize merchandise and products of the foremost manufacturers of Great Britain and Europe. Such luxury items as English woollens and tweeds, Irish linens, French and Bermuda perfumes, Indian cashmere, Swiss watches, English and Bavarian china, German and Swiss cameras, and many other items too numerous to mention, are from 10 to 50 per cent cheaper in Bermuda than in Canada.

Bermuda is served by four major airlines: Pan-American, Colonial, British Overseas Airways and Trans-Canada Airlines. The first three make the New York-Bermuda run. The fare, which starts at $90 round trip, makes the trip the cheapest over-sea route in the world. The round trip fare, $153, is the same from Montreal and Toronto via Trans-Canada Airlines.

B. N. B.

Television

The Bachelor and The Baby

THIS IS the first season that we have owned a television set, and we bought ours with the idea that it might be fine entertainment for the children. It has turned out to be that, and more, and although we are not in the business of selling TV sets we heartily recommend television as entertainment for the whole family.

Being a confirmed middlebrow (that is, one who mixes ginger-ale with his rye, isn't a Pogo fan, and dislikes opera) we do not necessarily like the same type of programs you do, but we think we like the type of programs the majority like. We have spent almost every evening for a month sitting entranced before our set, guffawing at the comedians and the wrestlers, cheering the contestants in the quizz shows, going out on cases with Martin Kane, the T-Men, and the detectives in "Dragnet," watching Hoppy and The Lone Ranger cut off the outlaws at Boulder Canyon, watching the fiddle sections sawing away in the symphony orchestras, gazing at chorus lines, Perry Como and assorted tenors, and being royally entertained by some of the best dramatic shows we have ever seen.

In one recent week we watched such television plays as the CBC's *The Last Spring*, Medallion Theatre's *The Archer Case* starring Claude Rains, the TV Playhouse presentation of *The Happy Rest* with Julie Harris, Studio One's *Silent The Song* with Michele Morgan, *Refuge* presented by the Fireside Theatre, and the Ford Theatre's production of *The Doctor's Downfall* with Paulette Goddard, Richard Denning and June Vincent.

The Baby, presented by Goodyear TV Playhouse, was written by Robert Allen Aurthur, and starred a wonderful cast headed by Eli Wallach.

The story dealt with a young man's efforts to set himself up in the retail appliance business with a wartime pal, and the refusal of his despotic father and professionally-fixed brothers to advance him the money from the family kitty. Their refusal stemmed, not from meanness, but from a feeling they had that he, the baby of the family, was not mature enough to take on the responsibilities of manhood. The culmination of the play was the young man's emotional confronting of his family, and the consequent spilling out of all his frustrations; of why he knew he was a man and why he should be given man's estate. We have never seen finer acting on stage, screen or television than we saw then. We hope we are privileged to see Eli Wallach again soon.

The Bachelor Party, starring Eddie Albert, was right up this talented actor's alley, and was a welcome change from his miscasting as Winston Smith in the much-overrated dramatization of *1984*. In *The Bachelor Party* Albert played the same bewildered young man faced with life that made him a stage and movie star years ago in *Brother Rat*. This time he is a young married book-keeper who along with three other male members of the office staff takes a young man out on a beer-guzzle a couple of nights before the latter's forthcoming marriage.

The joints they frequented, the progressive emotion of marital imprisonment that Albert felt as they got slowly sloshed, were wonderfully done and wonderful to see. The vignettes showing the build-up of a womanless party and its eventual break-up in the early hours of the morning, with the going back to wifey of the earlier celebrants, was a result of good writing and good direction. The dialogue was masculine and real, and it had humor touched with the pathos of workaday reality. All the characterizations were excellent, including those of Eddie Albert's television wife, and that of an unsuccessful prostitute on a subway train.

The plays, *The Baby* and *The Bachelor Party*, showed this reviewer that television drama can be great art without getting arty. We hope the lesson will seep through to all concerned, especially in this country.

HUGH GARNER

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Beautiful Bermuda
AND THE
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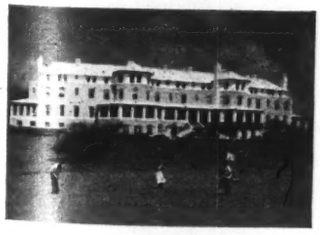

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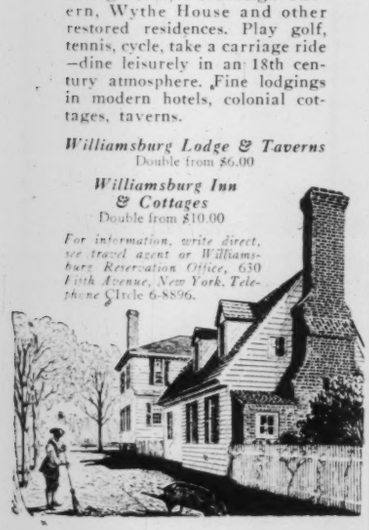

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The Indomitable Human Spirit

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They did what they could for Jimmy Darou in Ottawa Civic Hospital. In desperation, they sent him to Montreal's famed Neurological Institute, where Dr. W. V. Cone operated on him. Dr. Cone could find only one answer, though: Jimmy Darou was fated to be paralyzed from the waist down for the remainder of his life.

What life, you might ask, is there for a young man who was a professional jockey and who is condemned to bed and a wheel-chair? Jimmy Darou had no other trade or training. His life had been the race track and the race track seemed very far away.

FOR FOUR YEARS, Darou saw nothing but operating-rooms and wards in the Royal Victoria Hospital. Even Dr. Cone's great skill could not repair the damage caused by that accident at Connaught Park. Then came the most shocking blow of all. Regretfully, Darou was told that he was being shipped off to the Hospital for Incurables.

Race-trackers are sentimental slobs. There is a tradition that they look after their own. In any event, some one heard that Jimmy had been sent to the Hospital for Incurables, and within a few hours, a group known as the Sportsmen's Association was in action. It is notable that one of these men, W. T. Trenholme, a Montreal owner of race horses, seldom has been out of contact with Darou since that day.

The up-shot of it was that they obtained a service station for Jimmy. In his wheel-chair, he could man the pumps and he had his own private living apartment right on the premises. Appropriately, the business was named the "Cheerio Service Station." You can see it now, right opposite the CPR station in Montreal West when you go through on the train. Over the door there's a sign which carries his name: "James H. Darou."

I don't pretend to know what Jimmy Darou thought when he was alone, but, to the world, he presented a cheerful face. The will to live was strong in him. One of his friends installed a horizontal bar in his apartment and Darou exercised on this bar each day, lifting himself out of his wheel-chair by his arms. Although his legs were useless, he developed a tremendously powerful torso and soon he was wheeling around his little service station as if he was equipped with jet-propulsion.

THEN CAME the war and, with it, Jimmy Darou's opportunity to serve his country. When the wounded began to come home from the battlefields, there were many young men in the same condition as Darou—paralyzed from the waist down.

Many of these men went to the Montreal Neurological Institute. To them, the future was bleak. They had given all but their lives and many of them felt that it might have been as well if they had given their lives.

So, smiling little Jimmy Darou wheeled himself into their hospital rooms and told them his story. In those visits, men saw the first rays of hope. Jimmy's slogan was: "If I could do it, anyone can do it." There is no way of gauging Darou's contribution to the rehabilitation of those young men but he has become something of a symbol to the members of the Canadian Paraplegic Association.

That spill at Connaught Park on the afternoon of August 14, 1933, would be disaster enough for any lifetime—but the fates had distilled another bitter dose for Jimmy Darou.

Slightly more than two years ago, he went back to hospital. The doctors discovered that he had tuberculosis of the spine. Any man could be forgiven for quitting then, but Jimmy wasn't through.

Another long year in hospital; another year of doctors probing and nurses ministering; another year of hopeful waiting. His wife and his friends were with him and Jimmy felt that, some day, he would be back in his service station.

The other day, I received a copy of a weekly newspaper in the mail. I looked for the masthead of the paper and there, in proud black type, I read the words: "GENERAL MANAGER, JAMES H. DAROU."

Yes, the service station still is going full blast. It's running so smoothly that Jimmy has branched out into the newspaper business. He solicits the advertisements for his weekly. He makes telephone appointments with his clients and then they come out to his automobile while he signs the contracts and lays out their advertising copy.

He came up to Toronto not long ago to visit the Woodbine race track. He sat in his wheel-chair on the sun-splashed club house lawn. He cashed five winning tickets that afternoon. A fellow like Jimmy Darou deserves to cash winning tickets.

JIM COLEMAN

They Say:

Ottawa Journal: Our dictionaries fell flat on their vapid faces when confronted by a piece in the Charlottetown *Guardian* about the stupidity of pigeons in finding their way home. The *Guardian* reported that "pigeons are loggans compared to many other wild birds" when heading for the home perch.

The "loggans" sent us rustling through our tomes and not one recorded it. We tried a Maritimer who said it was a Newfoundland word and a Newfoundlander said it was Irish. An Irishman said it was Scottish . . . and there, cowards that we are, we left it.

Vancouver Province: Lord Simonds has been telling the Ottawa Canadian Club there is nothing queerer than the composition of the British House of Lords. He is wrong. The Canadian Senate is queerer.

Westminster Bank Review: Britain's role in a hungry world is not that of a depopulated ghost town scratching a living from allotments under the shadow of its derelict mills; nor that of an increasingly desperate vendor of traditional wares at lower and lower prices to a world that wants them less and less; nor, assuredly, that of an insulated Herrenvolk contriving, by some unspecified abracadabra, to maintain the old standards in the old ways while the tide of hunger mounts unregarded elsewhere. Nor—with all due respect for idealism—is it that of the wealthy benefactor lavishly pouring out assistance without regard to returns.

It is that of an alert, active specialized partner in the cultivator's enterprise from Kent to Kano and from Saskatchewan to Sumatra, a pioneer in the evolution of technique, a translator of scientific discovery by way of steel and chemicals into bread, butter and beef—and also rice and yams.

Bombay Chronicle: The Communists in India act in accordance with what goes on in Russia. If the line changes in Russia, their line also undergoes a change. They have no independent mind, we can't call them either good or bad. We can offer an opinion only about those who have any opinion of their own.

Edmonton Journal: The criminal mind in the United States has come up with a new twist—perfume moonshining. Police in Rhode Island recently seized an illegal perfume still. Its cheaply-made products were bottled with forged labels and sold as "name" products.

With some of the fancier scents selling for as much as $15 or $20 an ounce, it must have been a highly-profitable racket.

This disclosure will make life more difficult for the well-dressed woman. Before buying her favorite "Moonlight Madness" or "Daylight Delirium," she will have to make sure that it is really made out of jasmine and musk in southern France, and not out of reclaimed rubber and old crank-case oil in Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Ottawa Citizen: To complete the equipment of a Stephen Leacock memorial room, McGill is looking for the late humorist's slippers and tobacco jar. No doubt the collection of first editions and "authentic relics" now being assembled will be of some value as well as of public interest. But the author of "Literary Lapses" might have written quite a story about a university that solemnly searched for the slippers of a deceased professor in order to show them to posterity.

New York Times: The features of the human face have been exalted to the limits of description in both prose and poetry. Eyes are usually limpid pools of fire; lips are bows of cherry red; ears are like dewdrops. But what about the nose? No face is complete without one and yet the song writers and poets are virtually mute on the subject. Eyes come in different colors and there are slight variations in ears and mouths, it is true, but the nose provides the base for the character of the face and certainly deserves a better shake than it is getting. For besides being somewhat ornamental — and coming in various shades and colors, too—the nose has important utilitarian purposes.

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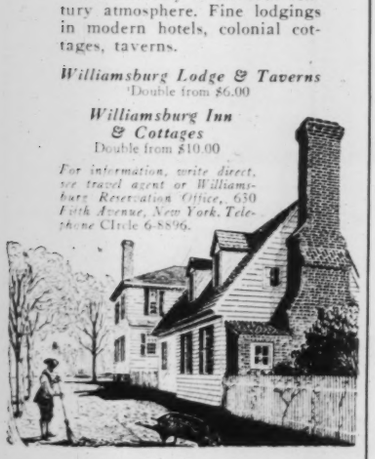

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FOR FOUR YEARS, Darou saw nothing but operating-rooms and wards in the Royal Victoria Hospital. Even Dr. Cone's great skill could not repair the damage caused by that accident at Connaught Park. Then came the most shocking blow of all. Regretfully, Darou was told that he was being shipped off to the Hospital for Incurables.

Race-trackers are sentimental slobs. There is a tradition that they look after their own. In any event, some one heard that Jimmy had been sent to the Hospital for Incurables, and within a few hours, a group known as the Sportsmen's Association was in action. It is notable that one of these men, W. T. Trenholme, a Montreal owner of race horses, seldom has been out of contact with Darou since that day.

The up-shot of it was that they obtained a service station for Jimmy. In his wheel-chair, he could man the pumps and he had his own private living apartment right on the premises. Appropriately, the business was named the "Cheerio Service Station." You can see it now, right opposite the CPR station in Montreal West when you go through on the train. Over the door there's a sign which carries his name: "James H. Darou."

I don't pretend to know what Jimmy Darou thought when he was alone, but, to the world, he presented a cheerful face. The will to live was strong in him. One of his friends installed a horizontal bar in his apartment and Darou exercised on this bar each day, lifting himself out of his wheel-chair by his arms. Although his legs were useless, he developed a tremendously powerful torso and soon he was wheeling around his little service station as if he was equipped with jet-propulsion.

THEN CAME the war and, with it, Jimmy Darou's opportunity to serve his country. When the wounded began to come home from the battlefields, there were many young men in the same condition as Darou—paralyzed from the waist down.

Many of these men went to the Montreal Neurological Institute. To them, the future was bleak. They had given all but their lives and many of them felt that it might have been as well if they had given their lives.

So, smiling little Jimmy Darou wheeled himself into their hospital rooms and told them his story. In those visits, men saw the first rays of hope. Jimmy's slogan was: "If I could do it, anyone can do it." There is no way of gauging Darou's contribution to the rehabilitation of those young men but he has become something of a symbol to the members of the Canadian Paraplegic Association.

That spill at Connaught Park on the afternoon of August 14, 1933, would be disaster enough for any lifetime—but the fates had distilled another bitter dose for Jimmy Darou.

Slightly more than two years ago, he went back to hospital. The doctors discovered that he had tuberculosis of the spine. Any man could be forgiven for quitting then, but Jimmy wasn't through.

Another long year in hospital; another year of doctors probing and nurses ministering; another year of hopeful waiting. His wife and his friends were with him and Jimmy felt that, some day, he would be back in his service station.

The other day, I received a copy of a weekly newspaper in the mail. I looked for the masthead of the paper and there, in proud black type, I read the words: "GENERAL MANAGER, JAMES H. DAROU."

Yes, the service station still is going full blast. It's running so smoothly that Jimmy has branched out into the newspaper business. He solicits the advertisements for his weekly. He makes telephone appointments with his clients and then they come out to his automobile while he signs the contracts and lays out their advertising copy.

He came up to Toronto not long ago to visit the Woodbine race track. He sat in his wheel-chair on the sun-splashed club house lawn. He cashed five winning tickets that afternoon. A fellow like Jimmy Darou deserves to cash winning tickets.

JIM COLEMAN

They Say:

Ottawa Journal: Our dictionaries fell flat on their vapid faces when confronted by a piece in the Charlottetown *Guardian* about the stupidity of pigeons in finding their way home. The *Guardian* reported that "pigeons are loogans compared to many other wild birds" when heading for the home perch.

The "loogans" sent us rustling through our tomes and not one recorded it. We tried a Maritimer who said it was a Newfoundland word and a Newfoundlander said it was Irish. An Irishman said it was Scottish . . . and there, cowards that we are, we left it.

Vancouver Province: Lord Simonds has been telling the Ottawa Canadian Club there is nothing queerer than the composition of the British House of Lords. He is wrong. The Canadian Senate is queerer.

Westminster Bank Review: Britain's role in a hungry world is not that of a depopulated ghost town scratching a living from allotments under the shadow of its derelict mills; nor that of an increasingly desperate vendor of traditional wares at lower and lower prices to a world that wants them less and less; nor, assuredly, that of an insulated Herrenvolk contriving, by some unspecified abracadabra, to maintain the old standards in the old ways while the tide of hunger mounts unregarded elsewhere. Nor—with all due respect for idealism—is it that of the wealthy benefactor lavishly pouring out assistance without regard to returns.

It is that of an alert, active specialized partner in the cultivator's enterprise from Kent to Kano and from Saskatchewan to Sumatra, a pioneer in the evolution of technique, a translator of scientific discovery by way of steel and chemicals into bread, butter and beef—and also rice and yams.

Bombay Chronicle: The Communists in India act in accordance with what goes on in Russia. If the line changes in Russia, their line also undergoes a change. They have no independent mind, we can't call them either good or bad. We can offer an opinion only about those who have any opinion of their own.

Edmonton Journal: The criminal mind in the United States has come up with a new twist—perfume moonshining. Police in Rhode Island recently seized an illegal perfume still. Its cheaply-made products were bottled with forged labels and sold as "name" products.

With some of the fancier scents selling for as much as $15 or $20 an ounce, it must have been a highly-profitable racket.

This disclosure will make life more difficult for the well-dressed woman. Before buying her favorite "Moonlight Madness" or "Daylight Delirium," she will have to make sure that it is really made out of jasmine and musk in southern France, and not out of reclaimed rubber and old crank-case oil in Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Ottawa Citizen: To complete the equipment of a Stephen Leacock memorial room, McGill is looking for the late humorist's slippers and tobacco jar. No doubt the collection of first editions and "authentic relics" now being assembled will be of some value as well as of public interest. But the author of "Literary Lapses" might have written quite a story about a university that solemnly searched for the slippers of a deceased professor in order to show them to posterity.

New York Times: The features of the human face have been exalted to the limits of description in both prose and poetry. Eyes are usually limpid pools of fire; lips are bows of cherry red; ears are like dewdrops. But what about the nose? No face is complete without one and yet the song writers and poets are virtually mute on the subject. Eyes come in different colors and there are slight variations in ears and mouths, it is true, but the nose provides the base for the character of the face and certainly deserves a better shake than it is getting. For besides being somewhat ornamental — and coming in various shades and colors, too—the nose has important utilitarian purposes.

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Books

Can Carlyle Be Resurrected?

EXHUMATION is one of the great literary pursuits of our day. No writer of the past is buried so deep or forgotten so completely that somebody is not willing to dig him up and have a look at him, and try to pretend that the corpse is in an excellent state of preservation, so that the labor of his digging may not be lost. And often this industry is rewarded; the resurrected author turns out to have been a victim of premature burial, and after a little shaking and brushing he is given a respected place among us. It is about thirty years since John Donne was dug up, and now we would not be without him. Melville is a more recent revival; the Americans nearly lost an authentic giant in him, and they have no giants to spare. Henry James never really was buried; the Ph.D's. grabbed him out of the hands of the embalmer. Trollope is back among us, and very welcome. The list could be extended for a column or more. But I seriously wonder if the resurrectionists will be able to do much with Thomas Carlyle.

In 1949 a volume of Mrs. Carlyle's letters appeared, and was well received, for they were lively, spiteful and witty. Trudy Bliss, who edited that volume, now gives us Carlyle's letters to his wife, and while we may not like them so well as the others, they are of interest, and show us Carlyle in an unfamiliar, intimate mood. G. M. Trevelyan has also brought out a short anthology of Carlyle's writing, saying: "It is my hope that this Anthology will help some to whom Carlyle is little more than a great name, to realize the nature of his fiery art, its power, its perceptiveness, its humor and at times its strange beauty."

It was my hope when I read this book that it would reveal to me all these fine things which Dr. Trevelyan says are to be found in Carlyle, but it did not do so. And I do not mean to cringe, and say that all the fault lies with me. I think that Dr. Trevelyan, who has been reading Carlyle for sixty years, has maintained an attitude which was common sixty years ago — the belief that Carlyle really was a great man and a great writer. Dr. Trevelyan does not suggest that Carlyle was a great historian; he could not bring himself to do that. But he says that Carlyle is a great writer. Well, let us see.

The first obstacle to the reader who approaches Carlyle is his eccentric, posturing, grimacing, cart-before-the-horse prose. Carlyle abused those who criticized his style, saying that it was as much a part of him as his skin. This seems likely enough, for the mind which expressed itself in this prose was a devious and disguised one. But there are undergraduate affectations even in Carlyle's latest prose of which he should have been ashamed. He had a maddening trick of importing German and French turns of phrase into his writing, literally translated; this is a kind of literary fancy-dress which people who love and respect the English language discard before they are twenty-one.

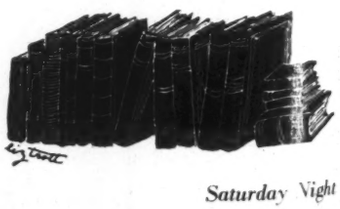
What are we to make of a man who writes like this?—

> The Ice-Tower of Avignon was noised of sufficiently, and lives in all memories; but the authors were not punished: nay we saw Jourdan Coupe-tête, borne on men's shoulders, like a copper Portent, 'traversing the cities of the South'— What phantasms, squalid-horrid, shaking their dirk and muff, may dance through the brain of Marat, in this dizzy pealing of tocsin-miserere and universal frenzy, seek not to guess, O Reader!

This is what Matthew Arnold understandably called "Carlylese," and Carlyle himself "boundless phantasmagoria and dream grotto."

A tiresome style would not set us against him if, when we had untangled it, we found rewarding thought. But Carlyle has little to give us. He saw dangers in democracy which were real, and which we have suffered from in our time, but with these he saw so many sham dangers, and fulminated against them so wildly, that we cannot read him as a prophet whose warnings have come true. He shouted of the glories of heroism and great men, and in our age of the Common Man this would be refreshing, if he had not taken as his principal heroes Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great, and praised their brutal stupidities as warmly as their strokes of genius. He was a wholesale praiser and condemner; his view of life and history lacks the moderation and basic serenity which we expect in a great man. The humor which Dr. Trevelyan finds in his work appears to me to be a coarse Germanic frolicking. The "strange beauty" is certainly to be found, for there was a wild poetry in Carlyle, but a little of it goes a long way.

Ever since his death in 1881 there has been discussion as to whether Carlyle was sexually impotent; the weight of evidence is in favor of this belief. Such a misfortune need not have made him what he was; Henry James appears to have had the same



ill-luck, and he bore it with dignity. But Carlyle's immoderate insistence on the virtue of force, of dominance, and of the existence of an Elect who should rule without reference to the mob, may have sprung from this as well as from his bitter Calvinist upbringing. It appears that in his private concerns he could be kindly; he knew pity, and his letters to his wife are full of affection which is sometimes dark and brooding. But his public writings were violent; he exhorted, lashed, roared at his readers. None but heroes were fit to live; all others were contemptible trash. The sadness of it lies in his choice of a living hero—the brutal, crafty Bismarck.

Disraeli he called "a cursed old Jew not worth his weight in bacon." Heinrich Heine was "a dirty, blaspheming Jew." Gladstone he thought contemptible. Charles Lamb was "a pitiful, rickety, gasping, staggering Tom fool." Keble was "a little ape." Newman had "the intellect of a good-sized rabbit." But Bismarck — ah, there was a man! A hero! There is something effeminate in this prostration before a powerful, ruthless Prussian aristocrat. How can we explain it?

Carlyle's impotence undoubtedly had something to do with it. His intellect, though powerful, was too coarse to come to terms with such a misfortune as Henry James did. But the circumstances of his childhood and early life also disposed him towards extreme and intransigent opinions. He was brought up an extreme Calvinist, and though he lost his faith in Christ he never lost his faith in the hard-mouthed, self-tormenting morality which his Scottish peasant family had associated with the teaching of Christ. He was an atheist only toward the Son; the Father remained with him always as the mean-spirited, capricious, bad-tempered war-god of the Old Testament; the Holy Ghost he saw as the German Imperial Eagle. Carlyle was regarded in his own day as a sage, a mystic and a prophet; he was the prophet of a faith which had cast out Love.

Has he anything to say to us today? Yes, we cannot understand the temper of Victorian life without some reference to him; we cannot get a full view of Victorian literature without knowing why he was admired; we cannot understand the early history of the Labor movement, and British liberalism, without at least a notion of who he was and what his contemporaries thought about him. Carlyle lives as an historical figure, the Cassandra and Thersites of his age, and we cannot estimate his place in the history of his time without some knowledge of his work. *The French Revolution*, though not in tune with modern scholarship, has poetical passages in it which are worth searching for, and which give us the feel of revolution as no other work does. We must be grateful, also, for his translation of *Wilhelm Meister* by his literary idol, Goethe.

We can sip Carlyle very pleasantly from Dr. Trevelyan's excellent anthology. We can look at the man behind the war-mask by reading Miss Bliss's collection of letters, most of which have not been published before. Then those of us who find him irresistible can settle down to the many volumes of his collected works. All the second-hand shops have them at bargain prices.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

CARLYLE, an Anthology—by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.—pp. 183—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

THOMAS CARLYLE, Letters To His Wife—edited by Trudy Bliss—pp. 395, notes and six illustrations—*Longmans, Green*—$5.00.

In Brief

CAPTAIN MARRYAT, a Rediscovery—by Oliver Warner—pp. 193 with bibliography and index—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

Two of the many talents of the subject of this "life" focussed in mid-Atlantic one day in the early nineteenth century when an American ship met an outward-bound English vessel. The Americans ran signals up the halyards in Marryat code and asked, not for aid, but for the outcome of the latest instalment of a Marryat magazine serial! This Englishman of astonishing versatility was a captain in the Royal Navy at 20, an artist and cartoonist (he did a death-bed sketch of Napoleon), editor, novelist, man of fashion and the world, and before his death at fifty-six, a Norfolk farmer. "His life is chiefly significant," says the author, "in its relation to what was, on both sides of the Atlantic, an outburst of literature which had the sea as background"; certainly most readers over forty must have shared the hard, exciting voyages of *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Masterman Ready*. Though never given the cachet of the critics' approval, Marryat's writing gained an extraordinarily wide popularity both in England and America because his books were interesting, authentic and readable. So is this biography.

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS—by Roger Peyrefitte—pp. 279—translated by James Fitzmaurice—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

This is a delicious little book if you have a taste for sharp satire and like to laugh out loud. It is the tale of a good-looking second-secretary's adventures in Athens after his posting to the French Embassy there. The plot is of no importance; glimpses of the diplomatic staff at work (debating all day whether to use "urgent" or "expedient" in a telegram, and importing sewing machines and Parisian pornography in The Bag) are so witty and wicked that one cares little about the story. Sex raises its pretty head too —in every second chapter and in all its permutations and combinations. *Diplomatic Diversions* is not for the history class or the Ladies' Literary Society; without a doubt, it's a *scandale*.

Felicitations to Mr. Fitzmaurice for an admirable translation.

IN SPITE OF BLASPHEMY—by Michael Mourre—translated by A. W. Fielding—pp. 224—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

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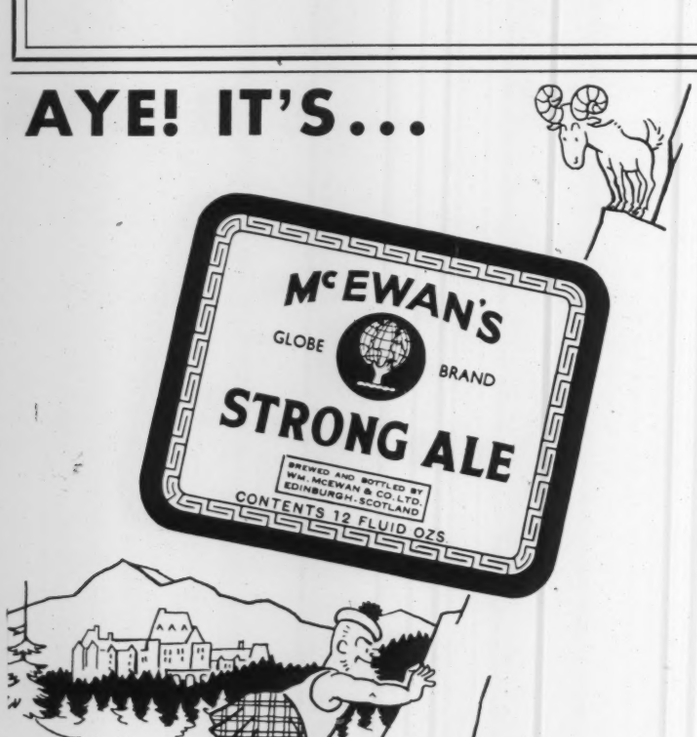

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this one was just twenty-two when he finished his life story in France three years ago. Like Thomas Merton's *The Seven Story Mountain* it is an account of his quest for spiritual peace beginning at his mother's death-bed and culminating, as far as this book is concerned, in his ascending the pulpit of Notre Dame in his Dominican robe and shouting "God is dead!" The title suggests that he has changed his mind again.

Mourre sampled all the flavors of French thought, swallowing first the wine and wafer of Catholicism served up by Gilson and Charles Maurras, then the bitter, dry biscuit of Existentialism, apparently without digesting any. How patient adult readers will be with his inconclusiveness will depend on their sympathies, but none will be able to deny that his narrative style is lucid and vigorous and that, unlike some who publish their autopsies on the spirit, he has selected his material with taste.

THE CHAIN IN THE HEART—by Hubert Creekmore—pp. 401—*Random House*—*$4.50.*

Set in a small Southern town, this is a warm, human story of three generations of a Negro family with several battles to fight: the every-day ones against poverty, disease and the resentment, sometimes flaring into brutality, of the white people; and a harder one, within themselves, for the self-reliance which years of slavery had taken from them. Each child's reaction to his environment as he grows up and the times change from 1900 to 1950 is presented with pride and some bitterness, and with the conviction that comes from intimate knowledge. The reader feels he has lived among these people and finds himself wondering about them after the book is finished—surely one mark of good craftsmanship in novel-writing. Recommended.

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE—by Alan Paton —pp. 253—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.10.

Lieutenant of police Pieter van Vlaanderen, idol of his South African townspeople, breaks the iron law that no white man may touch a black woman, and so destroys himself. His tragedy is the culmination of a struggle against both the prudery of his wife and psychological forces built up in him during a rigidly controlled childhood; his aunt, who tells the story, senses that something is wrong but cannot uncover it until too late. Some of the characters are as dim as characters can be, but the tension and suspense of a strong man's battle with himself are almost painfully vivid.

Mr. Paton adopts again the swelling Biblical rhythms of his *Cry, The Beloved Country* for this second powerful novel, sure to be high on the "requested fiction" list.

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE—by Alan Paton pp. 272—*Saunders*—$3.50.

This is the same story, but with the addition of a 37-word glossary of Africaans terms.

R. M. T.

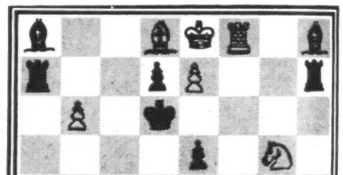
Chess Problem

MUTUAL INTERFERENCE of black Rook and Bishop, the Grimshaw interference, is convenient and simple for the composer to handle, while possible to blend with many elegant ideas. Consequently it appears in innumerable problems, mostly two-movers, and a little might be said of its introduction. It is a product of the important transition period of composition, 1845 to 1862, during which the principal themes found their first clear-cut expression. The English composers in particular, known later as the Yorkshire School, W. Grimshaw (1832-1890), H. E. Kidson (1832-1910), and others, were impelled by the appearance of Loveday's famous Indian Problem.

Grimshaw was born at Dewsbury, Yorkshire. On Aug. 24, 1850 the following problem of his appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, in the chess column edited by Howard Staunton, which was the medium for the Yorkshire School's output:

White: K on QKt4; Q on QB3; B on QR6; Kt on Q6; Ps on QKt5, QB2 and KB4. Black: K on Q4; Rs on K1 and KKt1; B on KKt5; Kts on KKt4 and KR6; Ps on K5 and KB6. Mate in five.

Problem No. 37, by B. Weiss.
Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

The main-play to the Grimshaw five-mover runs 1.B-B8, BxB; 2.Q-B6, R-K3; 3.Q-Q4ch, KxQ; 4.Kt-B5ch, K-Q4; 3.P-B4 mate. Here Black's BxB is a Critical Move, passing over the critical square his K3; so that his next move, R-K3, interferes with the B's guard of KB4. If 1.Q-B6 at once, then R-K3 would defeat solution. Black can do no better than play BxB.

The second act in the mutual interference comes in the short mate after 2.Q-B6, by B-K3; 3.Q-K5 mate. So we may take it for granted that Grimshaw merely intended to demonstrate the R interference after the critical move, but the mutual interference is there and his name was later attached to it.

Solution of Problem No. 36.

Key-move 1.P-Kt4, threatening 2.PxP mate. If R-Q5; 2.QxP mate. If R-B5; 2.KxP mate. If R-Kt5; 2.K-R5 mate. If R-K6; 2.Q-B6 mate. If Kt any; 2.R-K7 mate. If PxP; 2.BxP mate.

"CENTAUR"

Business

Timmins to Edinburgh the Thomson Way

Ashley & Crippen

ROY H. THOMSON: "We've come a long way."

By GWYN KINSEY

IN THE LATE AFTERNOON of a brisk September day, eighteen years ago, a small group of men stood around an old newspaper press in a grimy frame building in the gold-mining town of Timmins, Ontario. They watched, silent and anxious, as a harried mechanic ducked under and over the press, hunting for whatever it was that kept the machine from working. Finally, the press shuddered and slowly the eight pages of locked type on its flat bed were inked, brought against clean newsprint and transformed into a newspaper.

In the waiting group was a heavily built, grey-haired man of 41. Behind the thick lenses of his glasses, his eyes seemed expressionless, but his restless motions betrayed his excitement. The nervous sideways jerk of his head was habitual, and no one noticed it. When the first copy cleared the press, he leafed through it with beaming pride. "We did it," he kept saying.

That man was Roy Herbert Thomson. The first copy of his first daily newspaper, *The Timmins Press*, appeared on Sept. 30, 1935. Less than two months ago, it was announced that he had bought the *Edinburgh Scotsman* and its sister newspapers, the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* and the *Weekly Scotsman*, which made him the publisher of 23 daily and weekly newspapers spread through three countries—four, if Scotland and England are considered as separate nations.

As Roy Thomson added paper after paper to his chain — most of them in the last 10 years—he became a fair target for the abuse aimed at men who are too successful too quickly. The usual adjectives, "meteoric", "startling", "phenomenal", were used in the biographical sketches which had to be written as his financial stature grew, but they were put in a sour context which gave the impression that this man Thomson was a strange combination of charlatan and monster who, in the public interest, should be selling anything but newspapers. The tone of the comment changed to grudging respect only when it could no longer be denied that under his ownership the newspapers improved in appearance and content and that he had no intention of making them speak with one editorial voice.

The bare bones of his story have been revealed often enough—how he left school in Toronto at 14 to clerk at $5 a week; saved and invested his savings shrewdly enough to make $20,000 by the time he was barely out of his 'teens, then lost it all in a venture into Saskatchewan farmlands; went selling radios in Northern Ontario, found that sales were slow because of the extremely poor daytime reception in that area, and borrowed enough money in 1931 to build a tiny radio station in North Bay to overcome that objection; moved north to Timmins to build another station there in 1933, acquired the weekly *Timmins Press* and a radio station in Kirkland Lake the following year; turned *The Press* into a daily and expanded his newspaper and radio interests (briefly) to Val d'Or, Amos and Rouyn in Northern Quebec; went into partnership with Senator Rupert Davies in the operation of radio stations at Kingston and Peterborough, Ontario; bought the weekly Kirkland Lake *Northern News* and later turned it into a daily, acquired the Western Ontario dailies, Sarnia *Canadian-Observer*, Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, Galt *Reporter* and Welland *Tribune* during the early 1940's, and in the years that followed the war added first the Guelph *Mercury* and the Chatham *News* and then the Oshawa *Times-Gazette*, the Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*, the Vancouver *News-Herald*, the Moose Jaw *Times-Herald*, the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle* and the Prince Albert *Herald* to his string of dailies in Canada, got the St. Petersburg *Independent* in Florida, bought the weeklies Orillia *Packet-Times* (now going daily), the Brampton *Conservator*, the New Toronto *Advertiser* and the Weston *Times and Guide*, reached over to London, England, to establish the weekly *Canada Review*, topped it all off with the purchase of the Scottish papers, and meanwhile, with Senator Davies, planned to operate a television station in Kingston, the licence for which has been recommended by the Board of Governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

The statistics in that story give no glimpse of the Thomson who started his publishing career in May, 1934, with two rickety linotypes, a hand-fed press, a few cases of type and some odd bits of job-printing equipment; or of the Thomson who worked incredible hours and wore his suits until they glistened to save the pennies needed for new equipment; or of the Thomson who could relax to take earthly enjoyment out of a story or a situation even at the most troublesome time; or of the Thomson who, in the later years, would look over his possessions and confide, "We've come a long way from the old Press, haven't we?"

HE BECAME a publisher in May, 1934, when he took over the weekly *Timmins Press*, which had been staggering along since its inception the previous September, and seemed destined to collapse long before it could fight the town's other weekly, *The Porcupine Advance*, on anything like equal terms. The *Advance* had been started in 1914, in the early gold-rush days; it was soundly edited, well printed, and supported by a substantial job-printing business. But Timmins was growing; by 1934 it had 14,000 inhabitants and more people arrived daily to look for jobs in the mines, which flourished as the rest of the country's industries shrivelled in a depression. By the Fall, Thomson had stepped up *The Press* to twice-a-week publication, and as it made steady progress during the winter, he made plans for daily publication during the latter part of 1935. Within a year of the first issue *The Press* was established as a daily newspaper and Thomson had acquired the knowledge of and taste for publishing which was to take him to his present position.

The pattern he worked out in Timmins became the blueprint for the later years. He concentrated on the business and mechanical operations, and gave his editorial staff almost unlimited freedom to do what they would with the presentation of news and comment. The circulation figures told him if the editors were doing a good job or not. He would make suggestions from time to time about news coverage or possible editorial comment, but the only instruction I can remember him repeating was: "A newspaper does a job for its community, for the readers and for the advertisers. What we've got to do is see that the community is served—the people right here, now."

He told me a little while ago: "Remember how green we were, when we decided to go daily in Timmins? If we had known more at the time, maybe we never would have tried it. The equipment that was always breaking down; the trouble with outside news until we got a teletype; the long hours to make things go right—but we sure learnt a lot, didn't we?" He remembered those lessons when it came time for him to move his headquarters to Toronto. It was common sense then to have central direction of business methods, sales efforts and the securing of national advertising, just as it was to give the newspapers the same type faces, column widths and general style of make-up—not only could a Thomson newspaper be recognized by its appearance, but if fire or some similar mishap put one plant or part of it out of action, the paper could use the facilities of another plant without too much disruption. But editorially, the headquarters has never been much more than a clearing-house for ideas that could help editors produce

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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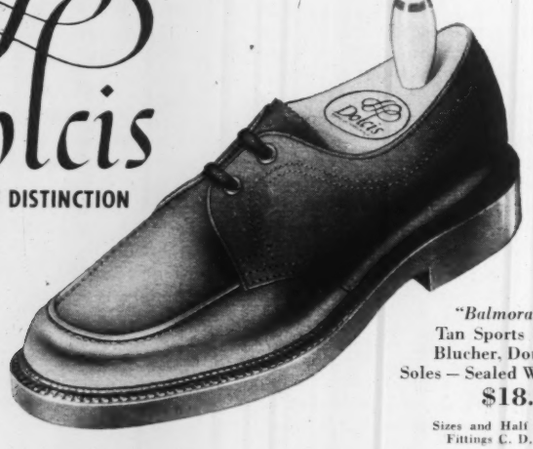

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has been issued authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, to transact the business of Automobile Insurance and Accident Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

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Gold & Dross

Parbec Mines

CAN YOU GIVE ME *some information on Parbec Malartic Gold Mines Ltd.? I hold 1,500 shares and would like to know whether to dispose of them at this time or hold them.— P. C., Moncton, NB.*

Parbec Malartic, after lying idle for several years, was reorganized recently, and the capitalization of the company was increased last July to 6 million shares by the creation of 3 million new shares. The name was also changed to Parbec Mines Ltd. New financing was arranged whereby 200,000 shares were underwritten at 10 cents per share and options granted on 800,000 shares at prices from 15 cents to $1.00 per share.

A uranium property was acquired in the St. Mary's Channel Area, near Gunnar Gold Mines, and drilling has been under way for several weeks. The results of this drilling have apparently not been too favorable, for the stock is currently selling at 10 cents after being run up to 35 cents.

Whether this drilling will disclose any ore of commercial value is a question that cannot be answered at the present time. Should some good drilling news appear, it is possible that the stock could move up, perhaps to around 20 cents if the underwriter stimulates the market sufficiently.

Obaska Lake Mines

I HAVE *some Obaska Lake Mines, purchased at 30 cents. Would you advise selling? — W. V. B., St. Catharines, Ont.*

With the company in a state of suspended animation, all work was halted on the property early in 1952. It appears that there is only a salvage value remaining in these shares. It is suggested that you recover whatever money you can (the stock is presently quoted at 5½-6), and take a position in an issue where there is a greater possibility of some activity.

Ameranium

LAST MAY *I bought some shares of Ameranium Mines Ltd., at 47 cents. This venture is now quoted at 14 cents. I would appreciate your advice on this stock. — E. T. G., Windsor, Ont.*

From the lack of news about this company, it is assumed that it has failed to develop any commercial ore in the diamond drilling program that has been under way at the uranium property in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan.

With public interest and promotional activity in uranium stocks at a very low ebb, it appears that the one possibility of substantial upturn in this stock would be the discovery of a large, high grade ore body on the property. Termination of the option agreement in September indicates underwriting activity will not be a factor.

As you now have a loss of more than 60 per cent of the capital risked in this venture, the best solution I can suggest to your problem at this time would be for you to place a stop loss order at 12 cents. This should protect you against all but a small extension of your loss, and against this risk can be balanced the hope that some news may revive interest in the stock. Possibly the winter drilling campaigns, which will get into full swing after the freeze-up, will stimulate the mining market after the turn of the year.

Trans Mountain Pipe

I AM *the holder of some shares in the Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line that I purchased last spring when the price was very much higher than the market is now showing. What is your opinion of the prospects for this company now? What earnings and dividends can be expected? Should I sell this stock and take my loss?—W. L. L., Toronto.*

The position of Trans Mountain now is this. The initial "throughput" has been scaled down from the 120,000 barrels per day expected last spring to 15,000 barrels. This is due to the sharp reduction in demand for oil on the Pacific coast. Refinery shipments to Korea were cut with the cessation of hostilities there. Oil is now being brought by tanker from the Middle East to San Francisco and landed there at prices with which Alberta oil cannot compete.

The shift from shortage to oversupply on the Pacific coast has been swift. According to the president of the Union Oil Co., of California, oil inventories have increased at an average rate of 2.5 million barrels per month since the beginning of the year and are now estimated to be some 25 per cent higher than a year ago.

Stocks of petroleum products now total 745 million barrels in the United States, an increase of 71 million barrels since January. How heavily this surplus is weighing on the market is reflected by the reduction of allowable production in Texas for the third successive month and the reappearance of gas wars, which in some states have driven the price of gasoline down to 14 cents per gallon.

From this it appears that the markets for oil shipped through the Trans Mountain line will be limited to those refineries served immediately by the pipeline, and competition from imports of refined products will place an effective limit upon the prices these refineries will pay for Alberta crudes.

At the present time Trans Mountain can count on a maximum market of 50,000 barrels a day in 1954 in British Columbia, when the refinery expansion programs now under way there are completed. In the state of Washington, General Petroleum's 35,000

barrel per day refinery is expected to go on stream sometime next summer, and Shell Oil's new 50,000 barrel per day refinery at Anacortes is scheduled for completion in mid-1955.

Assuming an average "throughput" of 75,000 barrels per day for 1954, the estimate of earnings given in the prospectus (an estimate which is subject to considerable revision by the results of actual operation) is 82 cents per share. Costs of operation will likely be higher due to the operation of four pumping stations and the absorption of losses incurred by the movement of oil under the estimated break-even rate of 45,000 barrels per day. It seems likely that actual earnings will fall in the 55-65 cent per share range, for 1954 at best.

The longer range picture from 1955 appears better. The line should then be working near its present rated capacity of 150,000 barrels per day. On the basis of indicated earnings from a tariff of 30 cents per barrel, net earnings per share should fall near the $2 mark.

Taking the rule of thumb measurement that dividend payouts usually amount to 50 per cent of the net earnings per share, a one-dollar dividend would provide a yield of 4.3 per cent on the present price of 23. To bring the yield up to 5.5 per cent, a level which is readily available in many stocks, the price would have to recede to 18.

This measurement in turn provides us with a clue to possible market action. It also reinforces the chart indications that the recovery from the recent low of 18½ will meet considerable opposition above 24, with 28 the maximum target. On the downside, a test of the support previously shown at 18½ could develop, and if this level is penetrated in a generally declining market a further descent could take place into the 14-16 level. At this point the stock would be a buy for both short and long term accounts.

Quality Steels

I HOLD *some shares in Quality Steels Ltd. Can you tell me whether the company is in operation and if the shares are of any value?—J. T., Vancouver.*

Quality Steels has been inactive for quite some time. Operations were suspended in November of 1948 due to a lack of working capital and the withdrawal of bank credits.

The property and equipment were sold at a judicial sale early in 1952 for approximately $190,000. After prior claims were settled there was a distribution of $400,000 to the holders of the first mortgage bonds.

After this distribution was completed nothing remained of the common shareholders' equity and therefore your shares are of no value.

La Ronge Uranium

SEVERAL *years ago I purchased shares in La Ronge Uranium Mines Ltd. Would you tell me the position of this company and the value, if any, of the stock?—D. A. C., Newcastle, N.B.*

At last report the company was engaged in exploring its extensive holdings in the Lac La Ronge area of Northern Saskatchewan. Considerable trenching, diamond drilling and grab sampling produced results which the company's geologist deemed favorable. Some 30 samples gave an average grade in uranium oxide of $16 per ton. Whether sufficient ore for commercial exploitation can be developed on the property is still a matter of conjecture at this time, but from the action of the stock, which currently is offered at 40 cents without a bid, it appears rather doubtful.

Financing would appear to be one of the company's major troubles. Last May it was reported that a cash position of $50,000 was held without any offsetting liabilities. Less than a million shares remain in the treasury and even if they could be sold in the present dull mining market, it is problematical whether sufficient funds could be raised to go beyond the preliminary exploration stage.

Thus, at best, the situation is one of patient hoping for interest to return to the speculative mining market. Should favorable news revive some activity in this stock, it would be well to sell it while a buyer is available.

Lake Osu

WOULD YOU *say Lake Osu was a buy, as a speculation, at 18 cents?—C. L. F., Brockville, Ont.*

The property has been idle since 1950. The assets last reported were $15,000 in cash and $16,000 in supplies against 2 million shares outstanding. Therefore there hardly seems sufficient background to provide a base for speculative activity.

A reorganization would likely be necessary if a venture into a new property were contemplated; the remaining million shares in the treasury would not provide much capital at present market prices. From what can be seen, the prospects are very limited and the answer to your question is "no."

In Brief

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of Fenimore Iron Mines?—D. M., Oshawa.*

No.

WHAT IS *the status of East and West Oils Ltd.?—A. E. H., Toronto.*

It hasn't any.

CAN I PLACE *any value on shares of Consolidated American Oils?—E. A., Barrie, Ont.*

Just as a souvenir.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with some shares of Matachewan Gold Mines?—R. T., Mimico, Ont.*

Forget about them.

WHAT ARE *your views on Consolidated Peak Oils?—S. P., Nanaimo, BC.*

No buy.

•

Readers requesting information from Gold & Dross must limit inquiries to one stock. If purchase prices are included in the letter, it will assist in preparing your answer.

W. P. SNEAD

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Ashley & Crippen

The above photograph of JAMES S. DUNCAN, Chairman and President of Massey Harris Co. Ltd. was one of the three prints which won the Gilbert Memorial Trophy at the 1953 Convention of the Ontario Society of Photographers. The portait was taken by Mr. Gerald Campbell of ASHLEY & CRIPPEN studio, Toronto.

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Ashley & Crippen

EARL A. THOMAS: Wine with his meals.

Who's Who in Business

DURING THE PAST two months the vineyards along the Niagara Peninsula have yielded up their annual crop, the grapes have been processed, and the wine is fermenting in 70,000-gallon vats where it may stay for as long as two years before being bottled and sold.

While all this preliminary work has been going on, grey-haired Earl A. Thomas, head of T. G. Bright and Company, biggest of the Canadian wine firms (net sales last year topped $3¼ million), has been an extremely busy man. Thirty-seven years ago he left banking and entered the wine business; since those days (when he earned $20 a week for weighing grapes) it has been understood by the Thomas household that as far as a visit to the family's summer home at Lake of Bays is concerned, the fall, at any rate, is out of the question.

The young bank clerk joined Bright's in 1916 and, apart from a brief wartime spell with the Royal Flying Corps as a pilot and an even briefer period as an employee of Ontario Hydro, he has been with the firm ever since.

In his upward climb from accountant in 1919 to secretary-treasurer two years later, and from vice-president (1933) to president nine years ago, Earl Thomas has learned almost every aspect of the wine business. Only once did he try to *make* wine—with disappointing results. "I forgot to control the temperature," he explains, "and I finished up, to my considerable surprise, with some lovely gallons of vinegar."

These days he is content to leave that side of the job to the research chemists and technicians whose skill is steadily earning new markets for the 79-year-old company.

About once a week, the president, executives and these researchers gather solemnly in the firm's laboratory for a sampling ceremony and the wine, made from grapes specially grown on the company's 1,500 acres of vineyards or bought from outside growers, is tasted before blending begins.

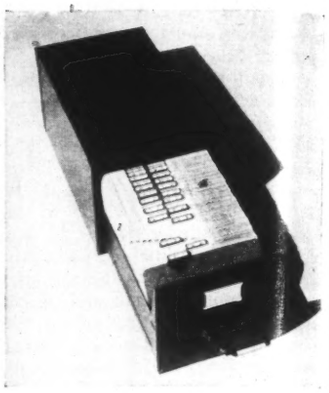
Back at his English-style home in Niagara Falls, Bright's president enjoys wine with his meals under less exacting conditions, however, and if more people could be persuaded to do the same he would be an even happier man. (Due to high tariffs in the U.S. and a dollar shortage in the rest of the world, most Canadian wine has to be sold in Canada.)

Both during and since the war Mr. Thomas has proved his administrative ability in other directions. As chairman, he organized the war saving drives in the Niagara Peninsula, and later was a director of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and president of the Greater Niagara body.

For the past five years as chairman of the Greater Niagara Area Planning Committee, he has also had some responsibility for the changing appearance of the area.

At 59, blue-eyed Earl Thomas is a healthy and contented man. The temperate climate of his birthplace and home, between two lakes, is good not only for grapes but for people; and his wife, Beryl, a former dietitian, keeps a professional eye on his eating habits.

JOHN WILCOCK



1954

. . . a more productive year lies ahead for you, when your office is equipped with the tools it needs to do a better job.

Right now is the time to order new transfer cases, filing systems and supplies or filing cabinets—and don't overlook the replacing of worn out desks and chairs! Simply by contacting the nearest branch of Office Specialty, you can have the experienced help of a courteous Office Specialty representative.

He will be happy to help you plan for the busy year ahead.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY *Manufacturing Co. Limited*

Branches Coast to Coast

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NEWMARKET ONT.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the English and American Insurance Company Limited, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa Certificate of Registry No. C1430 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance.

Advertising

SINCE 1941, total expenditure on national advertising has increased four-fold. Figures released recently by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that in 1952, Canada's 88 advertising agencies handled $121,667,000 worth of business, compared with the $29,225,000 handled by the 49 agencies which were in existence in 1941.

Impressive as this is, advertising authorities are pretty well agreed that budgets for 1954 will be considerably larger. Canada's output of manufactured goods and agricultural produce has increased tremendously since World War II, and salesmen cannot dispose of the increased production without something being done to get the attention of the consumer.

This is the way businessmen see it: if a drop in business is to be avoided in 1954, consumers must be persuaded to buy more goods. The purchasing power is there; wages have never been so high, or savings at such a peak. The job of persuasion can be done by effective advertising, to hold down inventories in plants, warehouses and retail stores. Thus, all the signs point to larger advertising budgets in 1954, and greater reliance on copy which explains why the consumer should spend money on the product.

With the arrival of cooler weather, housewives spend more time baking cakes and cookies. Advertisers are prepared for the annual trend. Shirriff's Limited will feature cake mixes and jelly powders; Monarch cake and pastry flour, a specialty of Maple Leaf Milling Co. Ltd., will tell Ontario readers of monthly contests, with a Sunbeam Mixmaster as the big prize; Quaker Oats Company of Canada Ltd., and Canada Starch Sales Company Ltd., will step out with a joint promotion for Aunt Jemima ready-mix pancakes and Crown Brand Syrup.

Other seasonal advertisers will include Stanfield's Ltd., the products being underwear for men and women, and "sleepwear", Penman's Ltd., will schedule advertising in newspapers and farm papers to explain "Why you should buy Penman's" garments for men, women and children; national magazines will feature Glenayr Kitten sweaters in full color advertisements, the advertiser being Glenayr Knit Ltd. Aimed directly at the "do-it-yourself" men who like to putter in basement workshops during the cold months, Black and Decker Manufacturing Co. Ltd., has launched a promotion for a line of portable power tools and utility kits. Similarly, Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine Canada, Ltd., will tell how easily the home-owner can apply its products.

When gas was introduced, candlemakers shuddered, but today, more candles are made than ever before. When electricity came in, it was predicted that gas would go out, but more manufactured gas is used today than at any previous time. When television arrived, it was foretold that radio would go the way of the horse. At first it seemed that this gloomy prophecy might come true, but after a considerable boom in TV advertising, radio is reasserting itself as a medium. Both NBC and CBS report better business for their radio networks. When TV finally gets on its feet in Canada, the pattern may be repeated.

Most experts on advertising copy condemn the use of the superlative as a "lazy" device. If it is used by competitors, it loses all its meaning. It is odd, therefore, how many Canadian advertisers still use superlatives in their copy. For example, one chocolate bar is "the best chocolate made" and another "Canada's best chocolate bar"; one gasoline is "Canada's greatest gasoline," and another the "greatest gasoline development in 31 years." One cigarette is proclaimed to be "Canada's finest" and another "the best cigarette in the world." The consumer may be puzzled or amused, but that's all.

JOHN CARLTON

EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE LTD. · FOUNDED 1710 · FIRE MARINE CASUALTY

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

Robert P. Simpson, *Manager For Canada*

15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Extra Distribution

Notice is hereby given that a bonus of twenty cents per share upon the paid up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the year ending 30th November, 1953 and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 13, 1953.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 265

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the first day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., October 13, 1953.

Thomson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

a better newspaper—ideas for better coverage of local news, for livelier presentation, for improved make-up, and so on. There has never been any instruction on editorial policy.

Thomson has been criticized for his obvious lack of direction of the editorial pages of his newspapers, and by the same people who professed to be alarmed by the possibility of one man dictating his opinions to a considerable portion of the Canadian press. When he has bothered to answer his critics, his reply has been simple: "My papers are community papers. It would be foolish for me to try to tell an editor in, say, Moose Jaw what his community needs; he lives there, knows the people he serves and what they should have in the way of editorial interpretation. What we try to do down here is give editors the tools necessary for their job."

His business and advertising managers, however, work closely with the headquarters. They have their annual budgets, hold frequent meetings to exchange views and discuss progress towards the quotas which have been set, and generally are fitted into a well-coordinated operation. If one of them fails to do what is expected of him, he is shifted to some other spot in the organization, rather than dismissed; Thomson has always found it difficult to fire a man, possibly because the early years in Timmins were made less difficult by the loyalty and enthusiasm of a staff which, while it was small, contained rugged individualists whose antics could strain the patience of the most forebearing employer.

He now intends to spend most of his time in Edinburgh, making frequent trips back to Canada to keep an eye on things here. Behind this intention is a determination to take an active part in the production of the Scottish newspapers. "Up till now," he told me, "I've bought newspapers and run them as a business. I've been, by and large, a businessman who published newspapers. Now, with the *Scotsman*, I'm going to be a publisher and a newspaperman."

When he goes to Scotland, his son Kenneth, who has been in London looking after the publication of the *Canada Review*, will return to handle the Canadian end of the business. It is doubtful if the shift will make a particle of difference in the Thomson enterprises in North America, because not only has Kenneth had years of preparation in different jobs on newspapers in the chain, but over the years his father has collected assistants to whom he has delegated considerable authority and who are thoroughly versed in the "Thomson operation."

Roy Thomson was past 40 when, looking at the old flat-bed press groaning out the eight-page editions of his first daily newspaper, he remarked, "I'll be a millionaire some day." Less than 20 years later, his prophecy had come true. Now, on the verge of 60, he plans what is virtually a new career—that of a newspaperman, instead of a businessman in newspapers. How he deals with this ambition should prove as exciting as the achievement of his first.

New roofs for old

A NUMBER of ancient English churches are replacing their equally ancient roofs with aluminum. One of these is the Chapel of St. James in the village of Nether Warton, Oxfordshire. Its lead roof, originally laid in 1665, brought £478 as scrap — enough to pay the whole cost of installing the new roof.

It is a neat example of how, while most metals have been getting more expensive through the centuries, the cost of aluminum has been going down. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan)

By Appointment
Gin Distillers to the late King George VI
Booth's Distilleries Limited

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Finest
DRY GIN
Definitely Superior!
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

52-2

EATON'S

She Travels Suited

. . . in grey-tone ensemble of impeccable simplicity—wool jersey pull-over, sheath-skirt of wool worsted and three-quarter flared coat of significant tweed . . . It's representative of notable suit fashions at Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Fashion

THE QUEEN'S SHOEMAKER, H. and M. Rayne Limited, is showing the new pointed toes and stiletto heels. It is not yet known whether the Queen will be wearing the new style on her Australasian tour, or whether she will stick to the utility pumps she wore so often in Canada.

Edward Rayne, in his visit to this country last spring, was so impressed with Canadian women's interest in fashion shoes that he designed a pump especially for Dolcis of Canada. It has high cut lines, the stiletto heel and sells for around $30.

Shoes are important this year, especially in view of the fact that the shorter hemline exposes the legs and focuses attention on the feet. Thus a New Look seems to be developing in the shoe world. Certainly the pointed toe is a complete about-face from the blunted and rounded ones of the last few years.

In evening slippers, the emphasis is on less and less shoe—mere slivers of leather for sandals, with black patent again in favor, not in the old-fashioned dancing pump style but worked into intricate lacings.

With winter not yet here, the Naturalizer shoes are featuring a spring model, of blond straw on nylon mesh. The company now makes its shoes for the domestic market at Perth, Ont.

HANDBAGS seem to be larger again—but in depth, rather than in width. Many oversized deep bucket styles have a really long over-the-wrist handle, and open out, instead of folding over as in previous years.

The big fur carry-all is a New York favorite, often shown in fake ocelot cloth or alpaca that imitates beaver. The fake furs have even gone formal in smaller envelope and clutch bags.

Paisley patterns appear in bags, as well as in hats. They are by far the most popular designs in the printed fabrics. Jersey is popular, too. Henry Green of New York told us the trend towards this material in clothes and in shoes has definitely extended to handbags.

He says that leather remains, of course, the stand-by for purses and he is showing some box styles in unusual shapes. We particularly liked a six-edged, diamond-shaped one in a benedictine shade of calf.

NEW YORK reports that the smartest jewellery this winter will be black. Many sets of earrings, bracelet and necklace are made of shiny faceted jet, with rhinestones added for evening glamour.

Back in popularity after many years' absence are the charm bracelets. This time the charms are big, splashy and dangling. The revival of the old-fashioned shirtwaist has also brought back another jewellery item—the cuff link. They are being made in plain and severe or elegant and bejewelled styles.

Women

Ashley & Crippen

ENTERING *the dining-room at the dinner party arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Luxenberg, prior to attending the Sadler's Wells ballet, in Toronto: Mrs. O. Moore-Ede, first Vice-President of the Toronto Executive of the National Ballet Guild of Canada; Madame E. R. E. Cheyrier, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Chevrier, Mrs. Luxenberg, second Vice-President of the Guild's Toronto executive, and Mrs. Marshal Stearns.*

Conversation Pieces:

"MR. JOHN" is as amusing with words as he often is with his hats. When he was in Toronto recently to present, for the first time in Canada, a collection of his millinery, at a fashion show sponsored by the Toronto Branch of the National Ballet Guild and Holt Renfrew, he coined some fine fashion phrases. Jewelled earrings he described as "a smile on the ear"; a straight-line mink coat as "untormented in design"; and the new jewel-rimmed dark glasses he has designed for night clubbing, as "ideal for a young bag—not an old one." One of his small hats, from his "Romance in Venice" group, was called "What, No Taxi in Venice!" Its long fluttering feather was "nervous". Most of the hats were small. There was a charming front-dipping "Crêpe Suzette," his name for the shape usually and more prosaically referred to as "pancake"; a felt turban, draped to one side, but showing most of the hair at the back; an evening hat of sequinned veiling wrapped around the head like a turban and crowned with a tiny removable "Crêpe Suzette".

The most promising newcomer in Canadian TV, so named recently by her fellow-entertainers, has won a regular spot in NBC's *Dave Garroway Show*, produced in New York. She is Oshawa-born Shirley Harmer, a 23-year-old singer.

Canadian women authors will be well represented on the autumn list of publications: Lyn Cook, with her third juvenile, *Rebel on the Trail*, about the 1837 rebellion; E. Louise Cushing, treasurer of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, with *Murder's No Picnic*, a mystery set in the Laurentians and Montreal; Jessie McEwen, with a novel, *The Little Yellow House;* Margaret Aitken, MP, and Byrne Hope Sanders, with *Hey, Ma, I Did It*, about columnist Aitken's election campaign; and Elsie McLeod Jury, with *Sainte-Marie Among the Hurons*, about the excavations at Sainte-Marie.

Gourielli has brought out a new perfume, *Fourth Dimension*, distilled from flowers grown in Grasse, in southern France—jasmin, Florentine iris and lily of the valley. It is another fragrance in the long list created by Princess Gourielli, who is also Helena Rubinstein.

Princess Alexandra of Kent, patron of the Canadian Junior Red Cross, is to be the "Cover Girl" for their 1954 calendar.

Embassy weddings abroad: at the Canadian Embassy in Athens, Kathleen Elizabeth Derby, daughter of Dr. L. L. Derby, of Ottawa, to Kenneth David Bertram Carruthers, of Montreal; at the British Embassy in Paris, Barbara Pearce, former ballet dancer, to artist John Pemberton.

Weddings: Helen Marguerite Stackhouse, daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Russell T. Stackhouse, of Westmount, Que., to Charles Wendel Bryan, son of J. J. Bryan of Orangeville, Ont.; Betty-Joan Reifel, daughter of Harry F. Reifel, of Vancouver, to Richard Alan Smith, formerly of Seattle, now of Calgary; Andrée Cloutier, daughter of Edmond Cloutier, the Queen's Printer, Ottawa, to Gilles Grenier, of Kapuskasing, Ont.; Jean Gwyn Gay, daughter of Glen Gay, MBE, to Roy S. Waddington, both of Toronto; Norma Joan Potter, daughter of C. M. Potter, MBE, to Archie A. Gardner, both of St. Lambert's, Que.; Enid Mary Graham, daughter of Dr. Duncan Graham, of Toronto, to John M. Lewis, son of Dr. D. Sclater Lewis, of Montreal.

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AMONG THE GUESTS *entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Max Haas, at a buffet supper after the opening performance of the Sadler's Wells in Toronto: l to r, Mrs. W. B. Macdonald; Mrs. Paul Herrick, Mrs. J. K. Cronyn and the hostess, Mrs. Haas, President of the Toronto Branch Executive of the National Ballet Guild of Canada.*

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CHEESE CELERY PICKLES
HALIBUT A LA NEWBURG
SNOW PUDDING WITH BRANDY CUSTARD
NUT COOKIES COFFEE

RECIPE FOR HALIBUT A LA NEWBURG: Cut one pound of halibut in small cubes and steam over hot water for five minutes. Place the fish, 2 tablespoons of butter, ¼ cup of sherry, 1 tablespoon of brandy, a dash of cayenne and a dash of salt in a double boiler and heat until smoking hot. Then add three beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice and 1 cup of sour cream. Serve on very hot plates.

On returning from the Sadler's Wells performance, Mrs. Haas served sherry to her guests, before the hot buffet supper. The dining-room table decorations are shown in the photograph above.

Dinner

MRS. BENJAMIN LUXENBERG
Old Forest Hill Road, Toronto

BOUILLON ROYAL
FISH SOUFFLE, CAPER SAUCE
SQUAB, FOIE GRAS STUFFING
WILD RICE MUSHROOM RING GREEN BEANS POLONAISE
HEARTS OF PALM SALAD
CREME AUX MARRONS DEMI-TASSE

RECIPE FOR FISH SOUFFLE: Take 1½ pounds of pickerel or bass, scrape off the skin, remove bones, force through a meat chopper several times. Place fish in wooden bowl and pound well, adding slowly ½ lb. of butter rubbed to a cream, and the yolks of 5 eggs one by one. Soak ¼ lb. white bread in 2¾ cups of cream and ¼ cup of white wine; add gradually to the fish mixture, continuing to rub until frothy. Then add the stiffly beaten egg whites and salt and pepper. Place in a covered baking dish and bake in the oven in a pan of water for 1 to 1½ hours. Serve with caper sauce.

The caper sauce is made by preparing a gravy of 2 tbsp. butter, 2 tbsp. flour and 1 pint fish stock. Add a chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 2 tbsp. capers and salt, pepper and sugar to taste. Just at the last, add 2 egg yolks, a drop of cream and white wine.

With the soup, Mrs. Luxenberg served dry sack; with the squab, Pol Roger; and with the coffee, liqueurs.

DINNER PARTY *guests at the Patrick Cassels, prior to attending the Sadler's Wells ballet: l to r, Mrs. Ian B. Macdonald; Mrs. John Thomas; the hostess, Mrs. Cassels, standing, and Mrs. E. R. Deeks.*

Dinner

MRS. PATRICK CASSELS

Dunloe Road, Toronto

ESSENCE OF CELERY SOUP
ROAST STUFFED DUCKLING, WITH WILD RICE DRESSING
CARROTS BROCCOLI WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE
MOCHA MARSHMALLOW COFFEE

RECIPE FOR MOCHA MARSHMALLOW: Dissolve 1 package (1 tablespoon) of gelatin in 2 cups of strong coffee, in the top of a double boiler. Add 32 marshmallows and 3 squares of chocolate. Heat until all the ingredients are dissolved. Then let the mixture cool thoroughly until it is thick and syrupy, but not solid. Add 1½ (one and a half) cups of whipped cream and whip ingredients together. Line a round serving dish with lady fingers. Pour the mocha mixture over the lady fingers, let it set in the refrigerator for six to eight hours before using. Decorate the dessert with extra whipped cream if desired. Serves from 6 to 8 guests.

Mrs. Cassels served a brisk red wine with the duckling, and liqueurs with the coffee.

TABLE set *for the dinner party given by the Benjamin Luxenbergs. Photograph of guests on page 25.*

Photos, Gerald Campbell of Ashley & Crippen

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• •

What Brought This Up?

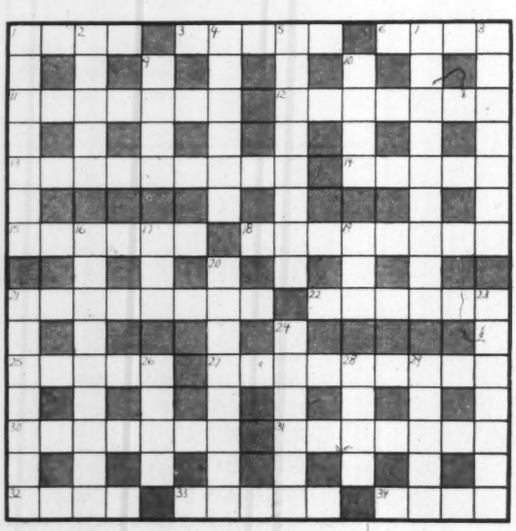
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. "Then come . . . . me, thweet and twenty". (4)
3. See 34
6. The British F.B.I. gets a start here. (4)
11, 15. "The Rose of No Man's Land". (7,6)
12. Gifts of old money? (7)
13. Candle for the light infantry, perhaps. (4,5)
14. Was it because of her that Reg got out of marriage? (5)
15. See 11.
18. He was Yanked from power in 1952. (8)
21. Reared on my old Kentucky Home, perhaps. (8)
22. Mother took forty winks on her way back? It's all my hat! (6)
25. Bring up rear? (5)
27. See 21 down.
30. What a sincere flatterer will do. (7)
31. Could Hartnell be called the Queen's? (7)
32. But she wasn't a nurse to Zola. (4)
33. 'Er lad could sure play the 'armonica! (5)
34. 3. Was the "Whiffenpoof" the song this mother taught her sons? (4,5)

DOWN

1. What goes with 1 across at first, inspires the whole. (7)
2. Touring? Go off and find the city. (5)
4. Argues well or ill for the future. (6)
5. You'll find mum and dad, perhaps, going to these in 14 and 22 respectively. (8)
7. Rain and care I find, develop the flower. (9)
8. One may go a long way to find relatives like these. (7)
9. A spat that will little more than fit. (4)
10. A chow with a red back takes to this naturally. (4)
16. Take a sip, cousin, when there is doubt. (9)
17. A very 8, 3! (3)
19. Is this cheese a knock-out? On the contrary! (3)
20. To do so one must be friendly without end. (8)
21, 27. Tante, zio, die Mutter. (7,9)
23. It goes to 5 in Australia. (7)
24. Drink the pawnbroker's health? (6)
26. A brother, a sister, as siblings, show them repeatedly. (4)
28. It takes the family to show a family. (4)
29. It flew over Seoul, perhaps. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 32, 8. Distance lends enchantment to the view
10. Happier
11. Rattled
12, 2, 20. Very important persons
13. Toe the line
15. Eva
16. See 22
18. Iris
21. Stow
22, 16. Short hairs
23. Toe
25. Partridges
28. Iris
30. Cascara
31. Ovation
32. See 1

DOWN

2. See 12
3. Toil
4. Narcotics
5. Egret
6. Extremists
7. Delhi
8. See 1
9. Idler
14. Shower bath
17. Storeroom
19. Interdict
20. See 12
24. Space
26. Resin
27. Drain
29. Mann

(285)

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Films

The War All Over Again

WAR BROKE OUT all over the screen recently—in North Africa, *The Desert Rats*; in the sky, *Raiders of the Sky*; and, most notably, in Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, *From Here to Eternity*.

I didn't read the novel on which *From Here to Eternity* is based and so am unable to say whether Author James Jones or Director Fred Zinnemann is responsible for the discovery, new at any rate to the screen, that even in the Army each man is an island unto himself. Certainly some acutely perceptive intelligence has been at work here. As a result, actual and highly complex human beings emerge in a setting that usually swarms with antic or heroic stereotypes.

There is Private Prewitt (Montgomery Clift), a good soldier who responds instinctively to discipline and still cherishes the paradoxical notion that a man, even an Army man, must go his own way. There is his friend, Private Maggio (Frank Sinatra), a fighter who takes on the whole army in the person of a monstrous sergeant, and is sickeningly exterminated. There is a top-sergeant (Burt Lancaster), who plays the army smart, without an instant's loss of his human awareness. At the top there is Captain Holmes, an officer whose life is dedicated simply to his own promotion. All these men are described with a sharp economy that the screen, with its miles of available footage, rarely finds it necessary to practise.

A whole sequence is contained, for instance, in the momentary expression on Sergeant Warden's face as he listens to the interview between Captain Holmes and the new recruit. Almost everything that lies ahead is summed up here in a single illuminating flash—the brutal shape of coercion underlying the captain's jollity, the hard road ahead for Private Prewitt, the sergeant's own unwavering recognition of every factor in the situation. It is an ugly story, but it is told with spareness, honesty, and a high sense of the value of human decency. If there is plenty of brutality in the record, there is none in the telling.

Private Prewitt, the central figure, is a promising middle-weight boxer who transfers to Hawaii in the summer of 1941. There he is seized upon by Captain Holmes, who wants to secure the fight championship for his company and incidentally, promotion for himself. For his own private reasons, however, Private Prewitt resists the captain's blandishments. His superior then decides to teach him that privates in the army are not entitled to private reasons, and in the months that follow he is made to submit to every form of indignity that the captain's ingenious goon-squad of noncoms can think up. He doggedly submits until his friend (Frank Sinatra) is thrown into the Army stockade, and there killed by a brutal sergeant. At this point, everything explodes into the violence that has been brooding over the whole story from the opening sequence. Prewitt knifes the sergeant, and a day or two later, the attack on Pearl Harbor arrives to wipe the slate clean of private tragedy, revenge and love.

Donna Reed and Deborah Kerr are both romantically involved in the plot and do admirably little to impede the pace of the story. It is a picture in which the male leads dominate, and all three—Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra—are so good that it is impossible to imagine how they could have been better. Montgomery Clift is at his best in the stubborn tortured role of Private Prewitt. Burt Lancaster's canny awareness as Sergeant Warden turns him for the first time into a fully developed actor. If there is anything to choose among the three, however, the award should go to Frank Sinatra, whose performance here is so impressive that it should deliver him forever from the soubriquet of "Frankie" in the world of entertainment.

THE SCREEN de-contamination of General Rommel in *The Desert Fox* upset so many movie-goers that the studio responsible evidently decided to placate its public by toning the General down. As a result we have *The Desert Rats*, a hard-fighting film-version of the siege of Tobruk, where Rommel met his first African defeat. General Rommel is again played by James Mason, who appears in two brief sequences and then vanishes, leaving a distinctly bad impression.

This strategic back-tracking was probably necessary, but it may leave some movie-goers wondering about the reliability of the studio's research department. The film has a rather perfunctory plot but its desert battles, helped out by newsreel shots, are stirring enough to leave sand in your teeth for the remainder of the evening.

Raiders of the Sky, a British film starring Dirk Bogarde, is a highly documented air-raid film, with scarcely more than a thread of plot. It's immensely informative and slightly confusing.

It was hard to tell whether the blurred vision I acquired in *I, the Jury* came from my polaroid glasses or from being knocked about the head by Mike Hammer, the egregious hoodlum-hero. The story was written by Mickey Spillane, originator of the paranoid school of fiction for sixth-graders.

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The Backward Glance

15 Years Ago This Week In Saturday Night

IN 1938 SATURDAY NIGHT came in two sections, the first one containing "The Front Page" and items of topical interest, and the second section devoted to people, travel, fashion, homes, and the arts. The issue for October 29, 1938, featured on its cover page a photograph of Rt. Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada. This was a Karsh photograph taken in the days before Karsh became the world-renowned photographer that he is today. The subject was posed rather conventionally before a portrait of Pope Pius XI, who died a few months later.

The Front Page discussed the reports of returning Canadians who saw a lessening of democracy in the British Isles and France. Some of them were quoted as saying that France would have a Fascist dictatorship in the following year or two. As it turned out, they were right, but not in the way they had anticipated. Another item stated that Dr. Eduard Benes, former President of Czechoslovakia, had taken a position on the staff of the University of Chicago. SATURDAY NIGHT took the Toronto *Globe & Mail* to task for saying that England was "the home of the exile", while not doing anything itself to bring refugees from Hitler's Europe to this country.

Under the heading, "Our Crucified Army", SATURDAY NIGHT quoted the Hon. Ian Mackenzie as admitting that the defence forces of Canada had for years past been "crucified" by neglect. This state of affairs, less than a year before a world war was to break out, was deserving of criticism, but as far as we are aware nothing much was done until Canada was about to declare war on Germany in September, 1939. The criticism today about the Defence Department stockpiling war equipment is good news to us, and when we read that the Army has enough uniforms to equip an army of a million men, or ten million men, all we have to do is remember when we were forced to wear fatigues in 1939, because the Government hadn't had the foresight to order battledress uniforms before the war broke out.

The Financial Section carried photographs of Hon. Gordon D. Conant, KC, Attorney-General of Ontario; John McClelland, Toronto publisher; Victor Arnold James, Manager of Preston East Dome Mines; Vernon C. Hale, Manager of the Central Ontario branch of the Canada Life Assurance Co.; Samuel Bronfman, President of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams; and J. Douglas Woods, newly elected as a director of the Crown Trust Company.

There is something fey and fascinating about the daisy-chain prose of women's-section writers that throws us, holding our sides, into the hollyhock beds. Here are some specimens taken at random from the women's pages of the SATURDAY NIGHT under review: "A gay aftermath of the Onion and Pottery markets is the Meitschimarit, a fair which provides a happy get-together of unmarried workers on Bernese farms" . . . "Carrots to the head! Following flower toques come the vegetable ones, amusingly tied up with the theme of the dress" . . . "They're going to buy one of those crumbly old ruined farmhouses and *start* something. It wouldn't be a bad place to live, you know, when you could turn your eyes to a Shangri-La whenever the world pressed in too close. (No . . . I haven't bought it *yet*!)" And under "Concerning Food", there was this lyrical outburst: "Well, well, here we are. Home is the sailor—the very bad sailor wildly seasick—home from the sea, and the hunter—having hunted food lore for two months—home from the hill, with apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson."

The "Week In Canada" column carried the following intelligence about Canada in 1938. The Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Program was to provide autumn employment for between 3,500 and 4,000 farmers. Work was begun on the new transmitter of the CBC at Watrous, Saskatchewan. The Alberta Petroleum Association announced that the Alberta Government was to be asked to appoint a representative to place full statistical information on the Turner Valley oil field before British authorities who were interested in the field as a source of naval and airplane fuel.

Adopting recommendations of the coal and petroleum control board, the British Columbia Government ordered a three-cent reduction in the basic price of gasoline in the Province. Premier John Bracken of Manitoba urged the amalgamation of the United Grain Growers and the Manitoba Pool Elevators, and his Minister of Education, Hon. Ivan Schultz, announced that the proposed revision of the Manitoba curriculum was to be undertaken in such a way that the opinions of teachers would have a share in the forming of the new educational policy. In Quebec, Hon. William Tremblay, Minister of Labor, announced that the Cabinet had sanctioned by Order-In-Council allowances of $40 to $60 per month for needy mothers.

Sadly I have to report that the Wallaceburg showers and faucets company had slipped in 1938 from illustrating their ads with the undraped, and mature, model of earlier years, to showing a bathtub bearing an equally undraped but very youthful little girl clutching a sponge.

THE FASHIONS for that fall would not look strange on the girls of '53; perhaps the fashion trend has come full circle in the last fifteen years. One of the models looked exactly like a pretty young woman whom we met at a Saturday night YMCA dance that year. Unless our clotted memory is playing us false, that was the year we learned to dance the "broken ankle." We were hot stuff in those days, skidding around the corners with our partners at Columbus Hall. There was one little character who travelled down the dance-hall floor so fast that he earned the nick-name "Seabiscuit."

Under "Shops and Other Things" we read that at Waller's restaurant on Toronto's Yonge Street you could get a three-course meal for 35c, and a light lunch for a quarter. And if you were a gourmet, you could order lobster à la Newburg, porterhouse steak or spring lamb chops for 75c.

In those halcyon days of 1938 before television raised its ugly antennae, you could buy a General Electric console radio about the size of a box-car for $189.50. This monster had a dashboard like a Constellation's, and contained in its innards 11 tubes, while it could tune in on 5 broadcast bands. Today the average television set owner in Toronto spends upward of $300 for a set, and finds that he can receive only two stations, WBEN-TV and CBL-TV.

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Lighter Side

Private Enterprise

THE TROUBLE FIRST announced itself in a drifting woodland smell that came faintly through the window. "Skunk," said Mr. Wilkins, laying aside his evening paper.

Mrs. Wilkins sniffed. "It isn't so bad," she said. "I don't know why people make such fuss about a skunk."

"If it doesn't come any nearer," Mr. Wilkins said.

The odor lingered and intensified. By midnight Mr. Wilkins found it necessary to close all the windows. They passed an uncomfortable night and woke to a suffocating odor of musk. "Heavens, it must be on the front porch!" Mrs. Wilkins said.

The only occupant of the front porch was McGregor, the spaniel. He came forward deprecatingly when Mrs. Wilkins opened the door, and as he approached she stepped back and shut the door with violence.

"It's McGregor," she said. "He must have met up with the skunk last night. You never smelt *anything*—"

"Better telephone the Humane Society," Mr. Wilkins said.

At nine o'clock Mrs. Wilkins telephoned the Humane Society. "Skunks?" said the voice at the end of the line. "I'm sorry, but the Society doesn't handle skunks."

There was a silence, then Mrs. Wilkins ventured, "How about poison?"

"It is illegal to set out poison," the voice of the Humane Society said.

"Traps?" Mrs. Wilkins asked.

"Traps are also illegal," the voice said. "You had better consult an exterminator."

Mrs. Wilkins turned to the yellow pages of the telephone book. Exterminators, she soon discovered, were prepared to deal with rats, mice, pigeons, squirrels, roaches, termites and bedbugs. They were not prepared to deal with skunks. A Mr. Schultz of the Friendly Exterminator Company suggested that she call the Humane Society. "Or you might try the police," he added.

She thanked him and dialled the nearest police station. "We don't handle skunks," the desk sergeant said. "Better call an exterminator."

"Thank you," she said, and returned to the telephone book. After considerable research, she called up the Government Supervisor of Trap-lines and was switched to another line. Presently a masculine voice came on the line to inform her that the trapping of skunks was forbidden, that poisoning and shooting came under the criminal code and she had better consult a professional exterminator. "Or call up the Humane Society," the voice added encouragingly.

After that she went off wearily and bathed McGregor in tomato juice. She outlined the situation to Mr. Wilkins when he came home that evening. "And our Book Club meets tomorrow!" she said. "I mean, how will I feel sitting about discussing the poetry of Walter de la Mare, and smelling like a polecat?"

He considered this rather special social predicament for a moment. Then he said, "Anyway, skunks hibernate in the winter."

"We'll be the ones who do the hibernating," Mrs. Wilkins said bitterly.

Mr. Wilkins got up, laid aside his paper and went down to the cellar. An hour later he came up with a homemade trap consisting of a wooden box with a small ramp and a cunningly arranged trip string. "If society won't protect the taxpayer," he said, "the tax-payer must take measures to protect himself."

They baited the trap with a raw egg, set it up in the garden and retired to the house to wait. An hour later they heard a click and a scuffle from the garden and hurried out. The box still rocked perceptibly. "We've got him!" Mr. Wilkins cried.

"Yes, but what do we do with him?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, through a handkerchief drenched in Shalimar.

"How about dumping him behind the Humane Society or the Police Station and leaving them to figure out the legal angle?" Mr. Wilkins said. "Or we might drown him."

"Why, he's practically a member of the family!" Mrs. Wilkins protested. "No, let's take him out to the country and give him a fresh start. They say if you treat them very, very gently they're perfectly harmless."

Mr. Wilkins picked up the box as gently as though it were a charge of nitro-glycerine or an injured child. Then he set it down again. "Better wait till dark," he said. "It's probably illegal to dump skunks in agricultural areas."

An hour later they drew up beside a country field fifteen miles from town. They lifted the box from the back seat to the ground and hovered over it cautiously, and presently the skunk emerged. It stared mildly at the Wilkinses, the Wilkinses stared back, and the headlights from an approaching car illuminated for a moment the odd trio. Then the skunk turned and became first a retreating shape, then a glimmering white streak that presently vanished.

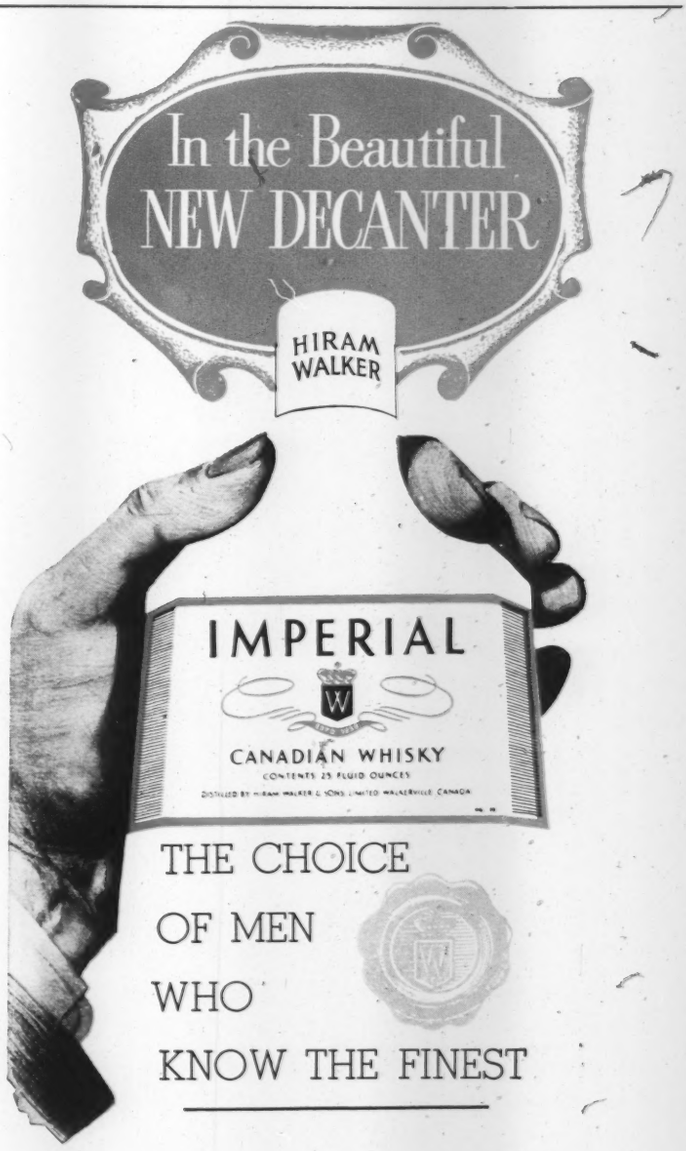
"Private enterprise," said Mrs. Wilkins. "It beats social organization every time."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Autumn Wood

These leaves lie cold with autumn wind and rain,
Beneath me; as I pass, I seem to sense
The age-old suffering of earth again,
The ghost of dying beauty made intense.
I marvel at my mouthings of warm breath,
The breath that gives this mortal clay its life,
While underneath, the darkness and soft death
Conceal the coming lull of woodland strife.
Here loveliness in silence like a flower
Lies tranquil in the cold lamenting earth,
And so my heart its winter has this hour,
With dreams of haunting sunlight and new birth.
Here, as the yearly cycle turns again,
Nature and man endure the kindred pain.

VERNAL HOUSE



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